

NO.
29

TOP-NOTCH

SEPT.

10¢

Laugh

comics



THAR HE GOES, FLYING HIGH,
EVERYBODY'S LAUGHING FIT TO DIE,
AT POKEY OAXEY, THE FUNNY GUY!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

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POKEY OAKY!

THE BRIGHT BADGE WORN BY POKEY OAKY, NEWLY ELECTED SHERIFF OF CATFISH CREEK, HAS LOST ITS LUSTRE INDEED!

UPON TAKING OFFICE, POKEY FINDS HIS FIRST JOB A DISMAL ONE-- THAT OF EVICTING HIS OWN POVERTY-STRICKEN FAMILY FROM THEIR LAND.....

by Don Deane

YEW MEANS TO SAY, SON, YEW'S A-FIXIN' TO PITCH YORE OWN FAM'LY OUTA HOUSE N' HOME? (SNIFF!)

(CHOKE!) D-DON'T LOOK AT ME SO MURNFUL WIFF THEM BIG BLOOD-SHOT EYES, PAAW. IT'S MAH CUSS'D DOOTY AS SHURIFF!

WAL, AH'LL GO HITCH TH' WAGON, MAAW. YEW TEND TO TH' PACKIN'!!

HAINT ANYTHIN' MUCH WORTH FETCHIN' ALONG-- 'CEPTIN' THIS CRADLE THET USED T'BE POKEY'S!

SNIFF

AH DONE MADE MAH OWN FLESH N' BLOOD HOMELESS-- OH MIZZERABLE ME!!

G'BYE, SON! YEW WUZ ONLY DOIN' YORE DOOTY!

FO' ZALE

A BOOK LEARNIN' FELLAH MOS' PROBL'Y COULD FIGGER THIS OUT-- SHO' WISH'T AH'D FINISHED THET THIRD GRADE--

WAIT! AH KNOWS!!

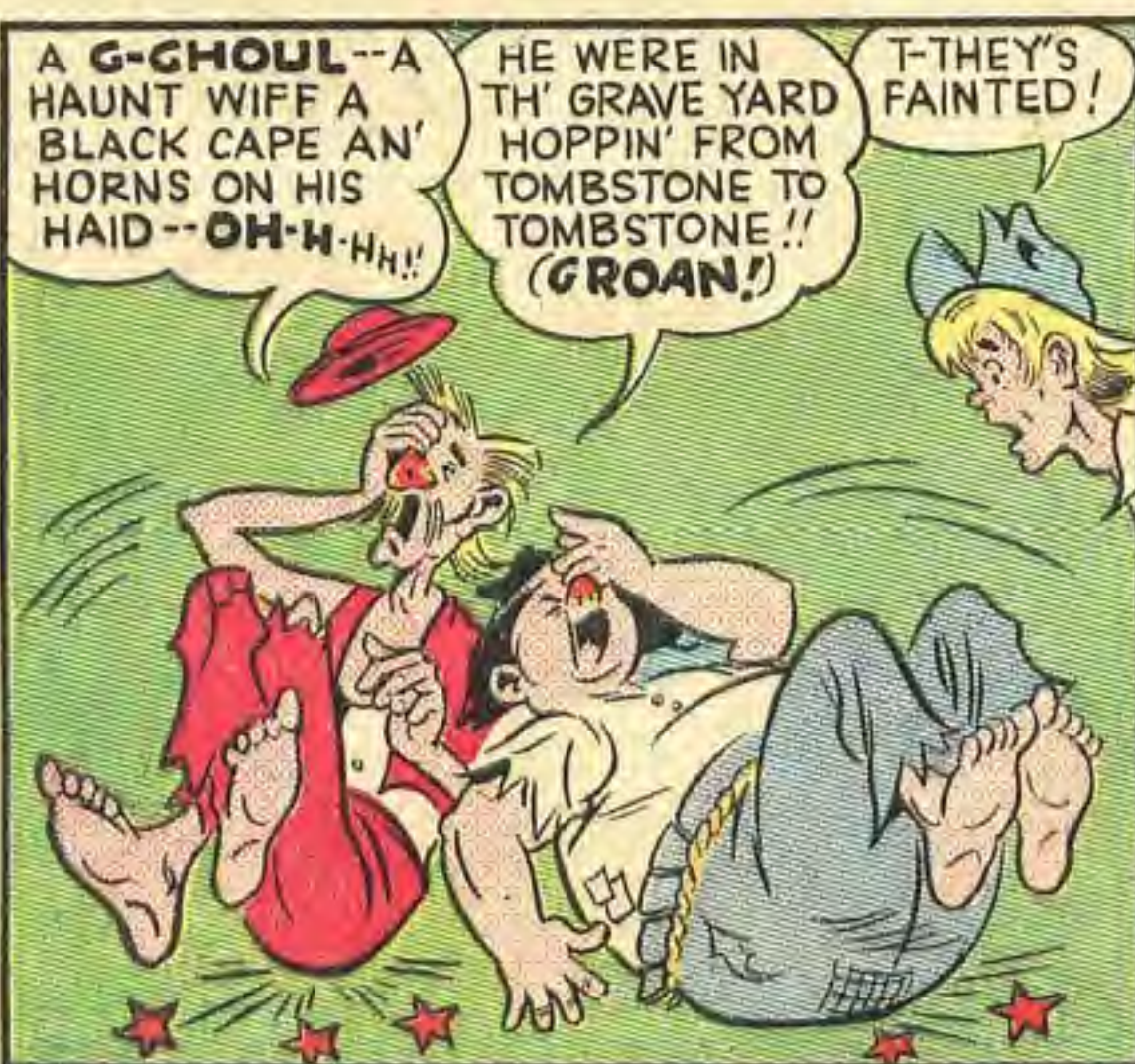
HALT! IN TH' NAME O' TH' LAW!!

NOW WHUT??

AH HEREBY, LEGAL LIKE, ARREST YEW ALL FO' VAGRANCY--DRIVE TO MAH JAIL HOUSE!



AND SO THE OAKLEY FAMILY SETTLED DOWN TO A LIFE OF CONTENTMENT. POKEY FOUND HIMSELF CARING MORE AND MORE FOR HIS JOB AS SHERIFF, UNTIL ONE NIGHT.....



C-C-CUSS ME! AH CAN'T BRING MAHSELF TO SHOOT NOBODY-- NOT EVEN GHOULS! LOOKS LIKE HE'S A-WRITIN' IN A LIL' BOOK??



W-WHY IT'S ONLY A **MAN!** A **FUNNY LIL' MAN!!**

UNHAND ME YOU - YOU OAF! **YOU IDIOT!!**



BEIN' YEW HAIN'T A SPOOK, YEW GOT NO RIGHT IN THIS HYAR GRAVE YARD! WHUT YEW WRITIN' IN THET BOOK! HAND IT HYAR!!

NO! NO!
PLEASE, I
BEG OF YOU!
OH, WOE IS
ME !!



IT SAYS:
"OH, SHED A TEAR FO' BOOTLEGGER JAKE,
FATE SHO' DID TREAT HIM CRUEL,
HE PERISHED BY A DIRE MISTAKE,
HE DRANK HIS OWN WHITE MULE!"
WHY, YEW IS A-COPYIN' THESE POEMS
OFF FROM OUR TOMBSTONES!!

Y-YES! OH,
THE SHAME
OF IT! BUT
HEAR MY
STORY!!



ALAS! A FEW YEARS AGO, I, OMAR STARPOOL, WAS HERALDED AS THE GREATEST WRITER OF TOMBSTONE VERSES. EVERY MONUMENT COMPANY CLAMORED FOR MY SERVICES! THEN--THEN SUDDENLY I WENT DRY--I COULD NO LONGER DREAM UP BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENTS--I BECAME DESPERATE--SO--

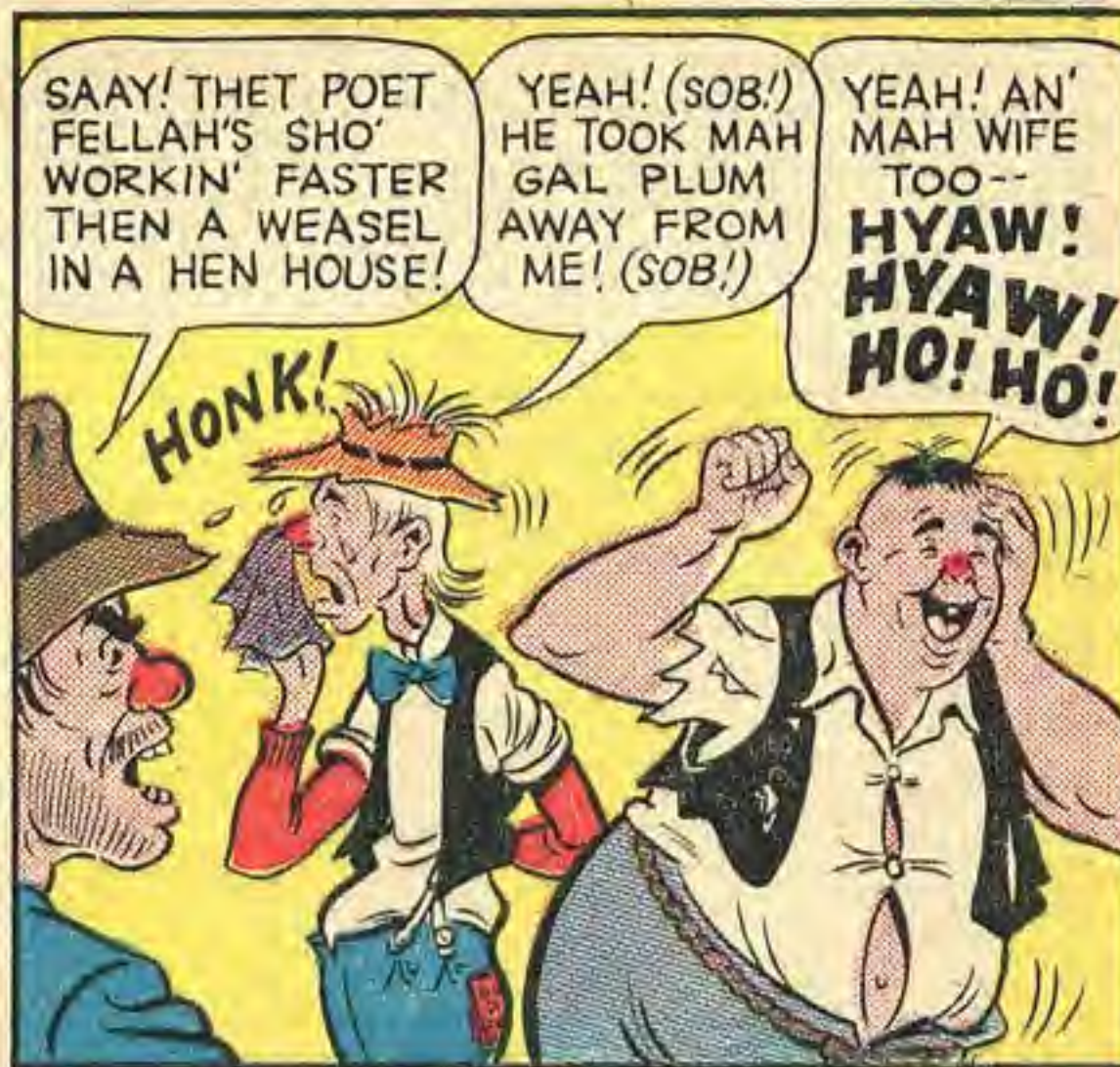
SO NOW
YEW RUN
'ROUND SWIPIN'
'EM, HUH?

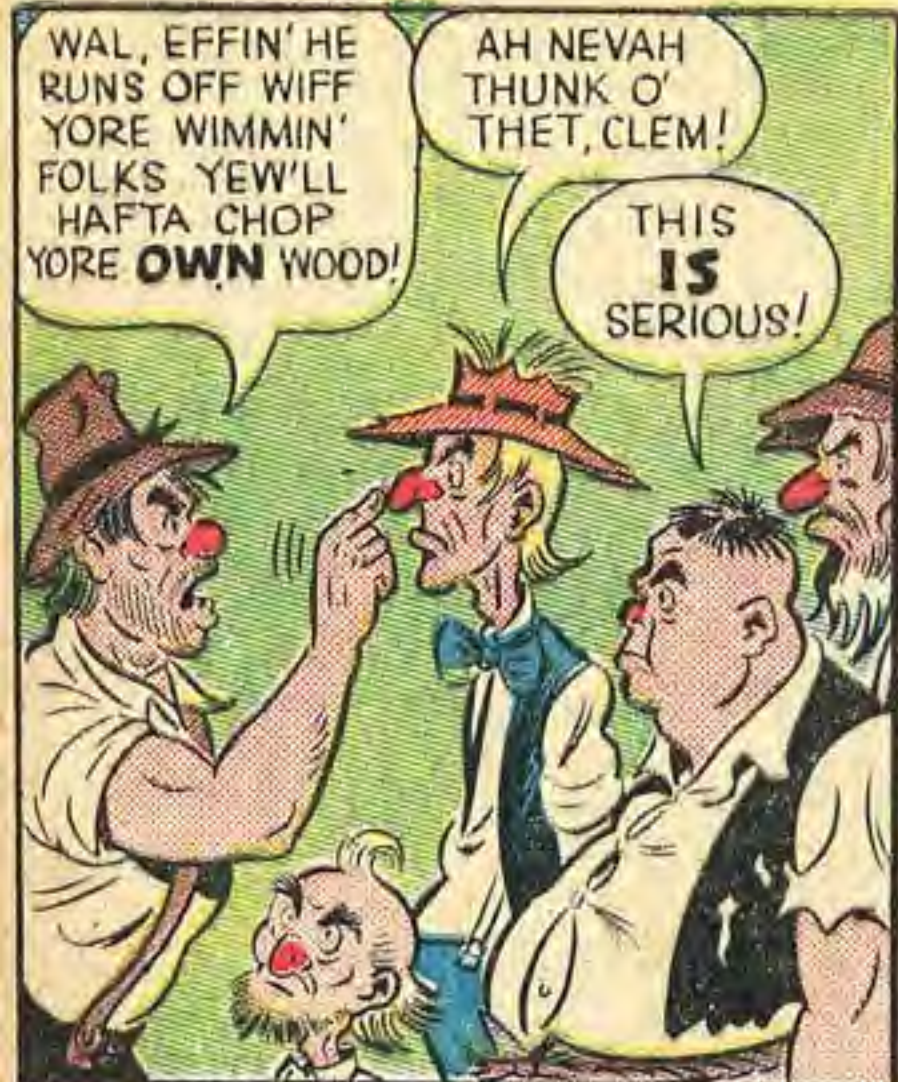


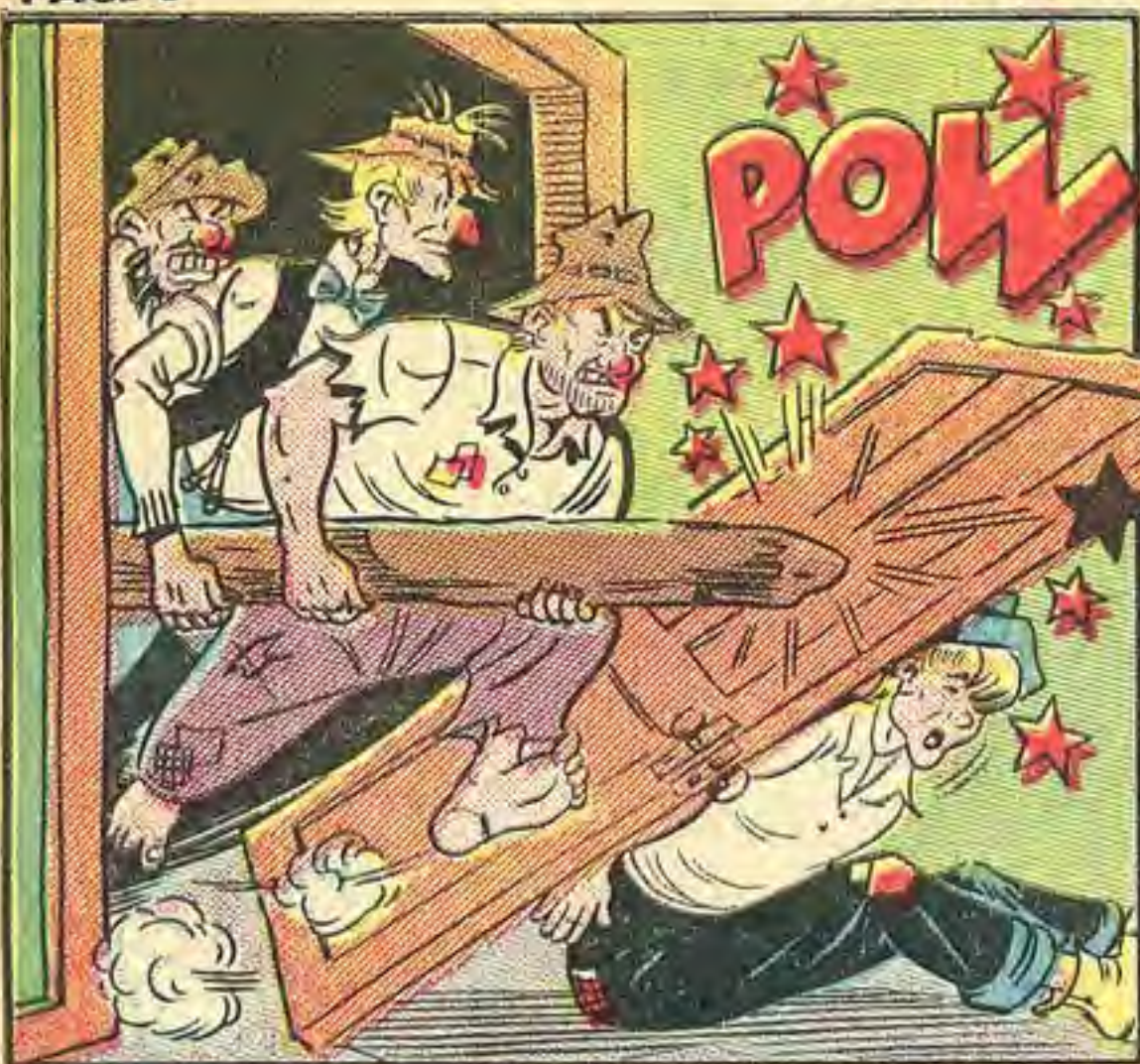
AH, YES! NOW,
KIND SIR, LEND
ME YOUR FIRE-
ARM AND I SHALL
TAKE THE
HONORABLE
WAY OUT--
FAREWELL!

SNIFF!--**NEVAH!** WHUT
SAY WE GO TO TH' BARN
DANCE T'NIGHT-- FO'
CHEERIN' UP
PURPOSES MAINLY,
HUH?









READERS' PAGE

REMEMBER THE CONTEST THE BLACK HOOD TOLD YOU ABOUT LAST ISSUE - WHEN HE ASKED YOU TO SEND IN YOUR OPINIONS OF TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS? THE BLACK HOOD ASKED YOU TO ENCLOSE A SNAPSHOT SO THAT THE WINNER COULD BE AWARDED A PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF OR HERSELF DRAWN BY ONE OF OUR ARTISTS, AND HE'S AS GOOD AS HIS WORD! THIS ISSUE, FOR WRITING THE BEST AND SINCEREST LETTER, A DRAWING GOES TO:

THE WINNER!



LOIS JEANNE FRIEDMAN
2428 MAGNOLIA AVE.
LONG BEACH, CALIF.

AND THE WINNING LETTER!

"This was the first time I had ever heard of Top Notch Laugh Comics, and it made me laugh a lot. It was very hard to choose which feature I liked best because I liked them all, but being a girl I pick up on funny adventures. The story of the Black Hood was most interesting. It was a different type of story than most I have read. I can hardly wait till the next Top Notch Laugh Comics comes out."

Lois Jeanne Friedman

HONORABLE MENTION



GEORGE GREEN
617 E WASHINGTON ST.
KNOX, INDIANA



KENNETH SCHMITZ
108 E CHAMBERS ST.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.



EUGENE PAGE
191 SIXTEENTH AVE.
NEWARK, N.J.



NANCY ANN LEE
5100 W. 24 ST
CICERO, ILL.



ALBERT SINGER
198 E. 168 ST.
BRONX, N.Y.



SKIPPY WEST
RT. 1 - BOX 25
SILVERDALE, WASH.



DOROTHY MARTHOHUE
23 WEST ST.
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.



LOUIS DUGAL JR.
% A. BROUSSARA
GENERAL DEL.
VINTON, LA.



JIMMY BATES
86-14 CROTHERS AVE.
PHILA., PA.



RAMER WOODERSON
SPICKARD,
MISSOURI



CHARLIE PRATER
R#3 - BOX 4
LAFOLLETTE, TENN.



JACK PENNITO
26 WOLCOTT ST.
BRISTOL, CONN.



MANUEL PANARRA
PO BOX 934
CROUS LANDING, CAL.



ANNA DUBRIA
249 EMERSON PL.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.



DON TRAUTMAN
714 MANNINGTON
CINCINNATI, OHIO



PATRICIA HALL
917 COLLEGE AV.
CLAREMONT, CAL.



JAMES REISCH
210 VIRGINIA AV.
ASPIN WALL, PA.



DON STOTZ
43 DURYEA ST.
E SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THANKS FOR ALL THE LETTERS, GANG! YOUR RESPONSE HAS BEEN SO ENTHUSIASTIC THAT WE'RE GOING TO DO MORE THAN HAVE THE CONTEST NEXT MONTH ALSO - WE'RE GOING TO HAVE IT **EVERY** ISSUE IN TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS! WHICH READER WILL SEND IN THE BEST LETTER AND PHOTO FOR NEXT ISSUE AND WIN A DRAWING? THE ANSWER IS UP TO **YOU!**

THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY



THE MOLD STRIKES!...AND A CITY GOES MAD WITH HORROR, EACH SHIVERING WITH THE DREAD EXPECTANCY THAT HE OR SHE MAY BE THE NEXT VICTIM OF THE MALIGNANT DISEASE WHICH MEANS SWIFT, HORRIBLE DEATH...IT IS A GRIM BATTLE FACING THE BLACK HOOD.....THE GRIMMEST AND THE DEADLIEST OF HIS CAREER!

ONE NIGHT...



EEEE!
THE
MOLD!
POLICE!
HELP!

HEE. HEE! YES, THE MOLD
HAS CLAIMED ONE MORE,
AND IT SHALL CLAIM
MANY OTHERS. HEE.
HEE, HEE!



SUDDENLY...



DON'T TOUCH
THAT CORPSE,
OFFICER!

WHAT
IN...!

DO AS THE BLACK
HOOD SAYS!



STAND BACK,
EVERYBODY!
KEEP AWAY
FROM THAT
DEAD MAN
IF YOU
VALUE
YOUR
LIVES!

ALMIGHTY HEAVENS!
THE MOLD'S GOT
ME, TOO!



YOU'RE RIGHT, MAN!
I WARNED YOU
TOO LATE!



WH.
WHAT'LL
I DO?

QUICK...GET DR. EMLIN HERE. IF
ANYBODY CAN SAVE YOU,
OFFICER, HE CAN!

I CAN'T GET HIM, HOOD..
HE'S SUSPECTED OF
BEING THE MOLD
HIMSELF!

ANOTHER DOCTOR ARRIVES...

UGH...TOO LATE. SKIN'S ALL
SHREDDED. WE'LL HAVE
TO BURN THE
BODY!



HEE, HEE! SO THE
POLICE ARE LOOKING
FOR DR. EMLIN, THE MOLD!
THAT'S FUNNY, HEE, HEE,
REALLY FUNNY!



LATER, THE POLICE DRAG A PROTESTING FIGURE INTO THE STATION HOUSE...

HERE'S DR. EMLIN, CAPTAIN! WE FOUND HIM IN HIS LABORATORY!

YOU'RE MAD - I'M NOT THE MOLD, I TELL YOU!

A JUDGE AND JURY'LL DECIDE THAT, EMLIN!



THE DAY OF THE TRIAL...

YES, YES... I ADMIT THAT MY BROTHER AND I DISCOVERED THE HORRIBLE SECRET OF THE MOLD, BUT IT WAS **STOLEN**, I TELL YOU. THE NAZIS KNEW OF OUR EXPERIMENTS!



THEY REALIZED WHAT A TERRIBLE WEAPON OF WAR IT WOULD BE IN THEIR HANDS. HOW THE SECRET LEAKED OUT IS A MYSTERY TO ME, BUT THEY STOLE THE FORMULA AND KILLED MY BROTHER. AND WHAT THE FATE OF OUR ASSISTANT, DR. HUGO, IS, I DON'T KNOW!



HE'S BEEN MISSING EVER SINCE. AND THE GERMAN SPIES HAVE BEEN TRYING TO GET AT ME LATELY, BUT I'VE MANAGED TO ELUDE THEM!



SOUNDS KIND OF FISHY TO ME!

YEAH.. ME TOO...



OH, KIP... IT DOES LOOK BAD FOR YOUR FRIEND, DR. EMLIN!

I KNOW, BARBARA!



BARBARA, I HAVE A PLAN. IT MAY INVOLVE SOME DANGER FOR YOU, BUT...

NO BUTS, MR. BURLAND. COUNT ME IN!



NEXT DAY, JUST AS THE JUDGE IS ABOUT TO ANNOUNCE SENTENCE...

JUST A MOMENT YOUR HONOR. I HAVE NEW EVIDENCE!



IT WILL PROVE DR. EMLIN'S INNOCENCE. I WOULD LIKE UNTIL TOMORROW TO SUBMIT IT!



WELL, I GOT A POSTPONED VERDICT... NOW WHAT?

NOW I'LL TAKE YOU BACK HOME... AND WE WILL HAVE TO WAIT FOR DEVELOPMENTS!





YOU KRAUTS CAME A LITTLE LATER THAN I EXPECTED, BUT YOU'RE WELCOME BELIEVE ME!

THAT BAIT ABOUT NEW EVIDENCE CAUGHT SOME FISH ALREADY-BUT NOT THE BIG ONE. YOU STAY HERE, BARBARA, AND LOCK THE DOORS!



YOU CANARIES ARE COMING DOWN TO THE POLICE WITH ME - AND DO SOME SINGING, NOT PRETTY, BUT LOUD! LOUD ENOUGH TO CONVINCE A JURY THAT DR. EMLIN'S STORY IS TRUE!



UNNOTICED BY THE DARK KNIGHT OF JUSTICE, A SLEEK, POWERFUL CAR ROARS TOWARD HIM, OVERTAKES HIM, AND...



A BURST OF MACHINE GUN BULLETS RIPS INTO THE BODIES OF THE NAZIS...



OUT OF THE HEAP OF TWISTED WRECKAGE CREEPS THE BLACK HOOD, MIRACULOUSLY ALIVE...



YOU WERE VERY CLEVER, BLACK HOOD... BUT I TOO, AM CLEVER! I SUSPECTED YOU WOULD TRY TO CATCH ME, NOW TO FINISH MY BUSINESS!



LATER... WHAT'S KEEPING THE HOOD? HE PROMISED TO PHONE ME AS SOON AS SOMETHING BROKE. THIS WAITING IS GETTING ON MY NERVES!



WHAT'S THAT? I THOUGHT I HEARD.....EEEEEEEE!





SO YOU WISHED TO DRAW ME FROM MY PLACE OF HIDING, EH? WELL, YOU DID!



I KNOW NOW THAT EVIDENCE YOU SPOKE OF IS A FAKE, BUT YOU'RE MUCH TOO SMART FOR ME TO TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH YOU. I'VE ALREADY RID MYSELF OF YOUR FRIEND, THE HOOD!

YOU'RE A LIAR!



QUIET YOU VIXEN!



NOW WALK, AND NO TRICKS.....I'M TAKING YOU WITH ME!



NO, YOU'RE NOT!

HOOD... YOU.... YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!



YES, VERY MUCH ALIVE, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG YOU'LL BE!



I'LL MAKE SURE OF YOU THIS TIME, HOOD!



AND YOU, TOO!



LATER...

DR. EMLIN'S LABORATORY.
NOW ALL I CAN DO IS WAIT
FOR HIM-AND PRAY!



DR. EMLIN! HURRY, FOR THE LOVE
OF LORD... THE DISEASE IS START-
ING TO SPREAD RAPIDLY!

PRAY HEAVEN
I'M NOT TOO
LATE!



NO, THANK THE LORD... SHE
CAN STILL BE SAVED. BUT
I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST...
FIRST THIS SOLUTION..



IT'S DONE... THE SERUM IS TAKING
EFFECT... HER SKIN IS STARTING
TO CLEAR ALREADY!



SUDDENLY...

WHAT IN...

HELLO,
DR. EMLIN! HEE,
HEE! WONDER-
FUL THE WAY
YOU SAVED
THAT POOR
GIRL, HEE,
HEE!



NOW, LET'S SEE YOU
SAVE YOURSELF, HEE,
HEE, I'M TIRED OF
WAITING FOR THE
LAW TO FINISH YOU!
I'LL DO IT MYSELF!

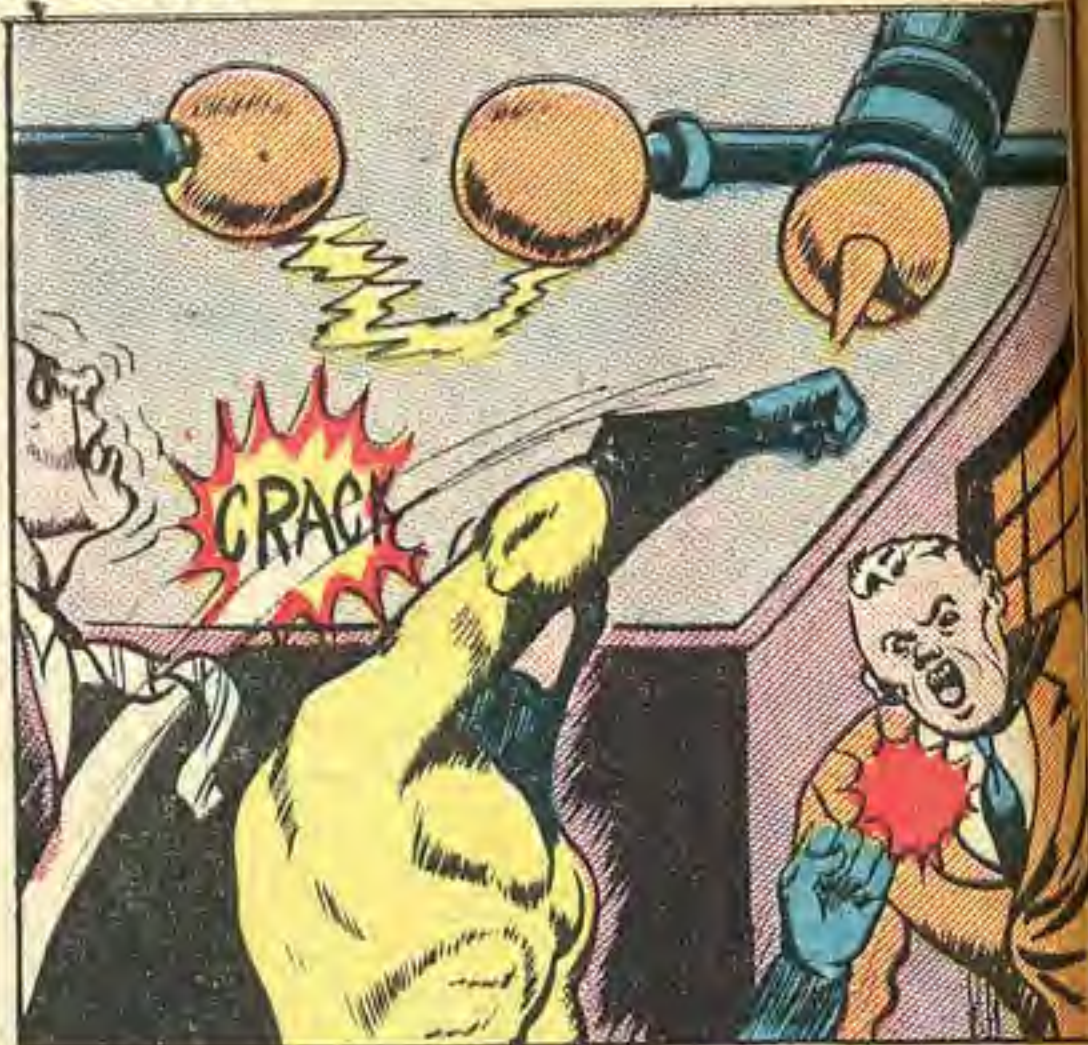


OVER ME DEAD BODY, YA
WILL, YA BABOON-
FACED MURDERER!

KILL THEM!
SHOOT THEM
ALL DOWN!



THEN, INTO THE THICK OF THE HAIL OF LEADEN DEATH, LIKE AN EXPLOSIVE PROJECTILE - THE DARK KNIGHT OF JUSTICE, AND...



THE FIEND TAKE HIM - HE'S UPSET MY PLANS EVERY STEP OF THE WAY!



WHOA, YOU! WE STILL HAVE UNFINISHED BUSINESS!



WHICH I'LL FINISH RIGHT AWAY!





I DON'T THINK HE'LL GIVE US ANY MORE TROUBLE MCGINTY... YOU CAN PULL THIS MASK OFF HIS FACE, NOW!

GLORY BE! YOU'RE RIGHT, HOOD...IT IS A MASK!



GOOD LORD! HUGO! MY ASSISTANT!

I SUSPECTED AS MUCH ALL ALONG!



YES, CON-FOUND YOU. I COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF REFUS-ING ALL THAT MONEY OFFERED BY THE GERMANS. I DECIDED TO DOUBLE-CROSS YOU AND SELL IT TO THEM MYSELF!



FIRST, I HAD TO GET RID OF BOTH OF YOU TO MAKE SURE THE ANTI-SERUM WAS DESTROYED!

KILLING YOUR BROTHER WAS AN EASY MATTER. IT WAS MORE DIFFICULT TO GET YOU!



THAT'S WHY I DECIDED TO FRAME YOU AND LET THE LAW GET RID OF YOU FOR ME, AND IT WOULD'VE WORKED IF NOT FOR THAT ACCURSED BLACK HOOD!

THE JAIL IS FULL OF CRIMINALS WHO ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH IT, HUGO!



Later

EMLIN ACQUITTED! THE HORRIBLE SECRET OF THE MOLD DESTROYED!... YOU'VE REALLY GOT YOURSELF A STORY THIS TIME, BARBARA!

YES, BUT AS USUAL YOU WON'T LET ME WRITE THE BEST PART OF IT, KIP! THE PART THE BLACK HOOD PLAYED!

The BLACK HOOD APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS

THE DANK SWAMP OF DEATH

A BLACK HOOD STORY

"YOU'VE got to help me, Kip," said Charlie Drew anxiously, as he and Kip Burland pushed past the swinging doors into Mike's Beer Parlor. "That kid brother is letting himself in for a pack of trouble by hanging around with the Swamplands Mob!" His red hair fell over his eyes, and he pushed it up with a nervous gesture.

"I'll do what I can, Charlie," answered Kip, "but the kid's over twenty-one—"

Together Kip and Charlie crossed the smoke-filled room to a small table where Harry Drew sat. He gazed up at them with glazed eyes. "Well, what do you want?"

Quietly Kip sat down, and motioned Charlie to leave.

"What's the matter with you these days, Harry?" he asked. "Why don't you lay off drink and running around with that Swamplands Mob? They'll only lead you to trouble."

"Listen, Burland," said Harry, "just because you're a pal of my brother's doesn't give you the right to stick your nose in my affairs. I'm going in for excitement in a big way—and I like it!"

"Just one more question," said Kip. "Who's the leader of the mob? Tell me that."

"I don't know, and I wouldn't tell you if I did." Harry got to his feet. He reached into his pocket, pulled out a pile of bills, and nonchalantly tossed a twenty onto the table. "I leave big tips, you see. You ought to tell my brother that he's missing out on a lot of fun."

Harry strolled to the pay phone, dropped a nickel in the slot and shut the glass door. From where he stood, Kip could see the excitement mount in Harry's eyes. In a moment, the young man dashed out of the booth, out of the swinging doors, and into the street.

"This looks like a case for The Black Hood," murmured Kip to himself, as he raced after Harry.

In a flash he was in a cab, shouting to the driver to follow Harry's car.

The two cars swerved around corners and down long streets . . . directly toward the swamps at the edge of town. Finally, Harry's car drew up. Harry disappeared in the shadows—and a moment later, edging through the darkness after him . . . was The Black Hood!

"He might have gone up one of a dozen doorways," The Black Hood muttered. "I'll try this one first." As he started double time up the creaky stairs, a shot suddenly rang out. Then another, and another. "Next door," said The Black Hood grimly, turning on his heels.

In three seconds, he gained the entrance to the warehouse. In a far corner, a safe had been rifled, the tin boxes jimmied open. Suddenly The Black Hood stopped! A pair of feet protruded from behind a chair!

It was Harry! A bullet-hole smudged his forehead with a dark-reddish stain. Blood was oozing over the floor. "Too late—much too late!"

The Hood continued to look around. A black silk mask lay on the floor. Then a green piece of paper attracted his eye. He bent down: it was a twenty dollar bill, lying underneath Harry's bloody hand. With his finger, Harry had smudged two crosses and the letters R-E-D over the face of it! Like a flash, a solution of the crime darted across The Black Hood's mind.

He rushed down the stairs, and nearly bumped into Charlie, Harry's brother. Charlie stared, and his eyes filled with fear.

"The Black Hood!" he whispered. "What are you doing here?"

"I might ask the same question," said The Hood.

"I've been worried about my brother," said Charlie. "I followed him up here in a cab, but I'm not sure exactly where he went."

The Black Hood looked cold,

deadly. "Your brother was murdered a few minutes ago," he said deliberately.

Charlie blanched. "The Swamplands Mob. They did it. They did it."

"No, Charlie," said The Black Hood. "You did it! I understood the symbol your brother left—R-E-D and two crosses. They mean doublecross, Charlie, doublecross by a red-head. You, Charlie!"

Charlie snarled, and a gun leaped into his hand. His mild face showed bitter hate. "Sure I did it. The rat was helping me on a job without knowing I'm the head of the Swamplands Mob, and my mask fell off. He said that if I didn't give him a seventy-five percent cut on all future jobs he'd tell the cops about me . . . so I killed him." The gun spat fire. "You're the only guy who knows it—and now you're dead!"

The Black Hood had leaped sideways. "Not quite," he said. His hand moved with the speed of lightning, and cracked, whip-like, against Charlie's wrist. The gun dropped to the floor.

Charlie's yellow streak showed up now. His face contorted, and he turned and ran. Away from The Black Hood . . . directly toward the fetid swamps. The chase began.

One foot from the thick mud of the swamps. One half foot. One quarter foot. Charlie stopped. There was no going forward; and, with The Black Hood there, no going back.

Charlie lashed out with his fist. The Black Hood went under it . . . and then his fist lashed out. It got Charlie on the point of the jaw.

Charlie staggered and fell headlong into the swamps. Suddenly he shrieked. "Quicksand! Help me!"

The Black Hood darted forward, but it was too late. For a moment, only Charlie's hand showed—the hand which had wielded the death gun. Then it too was gone.

Señor! SIESTA

FROM THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE. THAT SEEMS TO BE THE FATE OF YOUR LITTLE SOUTH AMERICAN HERO. BEWARE... SENOR SIESTA, DON'T FALL UNDER THE WILES OF THE BEAUTIFUL SENORITA LA TAMALES. SHE'S DANGEROUS IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE....

YOU ARE SO HAN'SOME, SEÑOR. SO BRAVE. THE WAY YOU THREW THAT BULL!

SI, SENORITA LA TAMALES. I AM WAN GREAT BULL THROWER!

MAKE WITH THE LOVE, MY WONDERFUL MATADOR! MMM-M-

THE 12 O'CLOCK WHISTLE... TIME FOR THE SIESTA!

G.O. * * THE STUPEED LEETLE PEEG - FALLING ASLEEP AT A TIME LIKE THEES. BUT I MUST NOT MAKE HEEM SUSPEECIOUS!

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

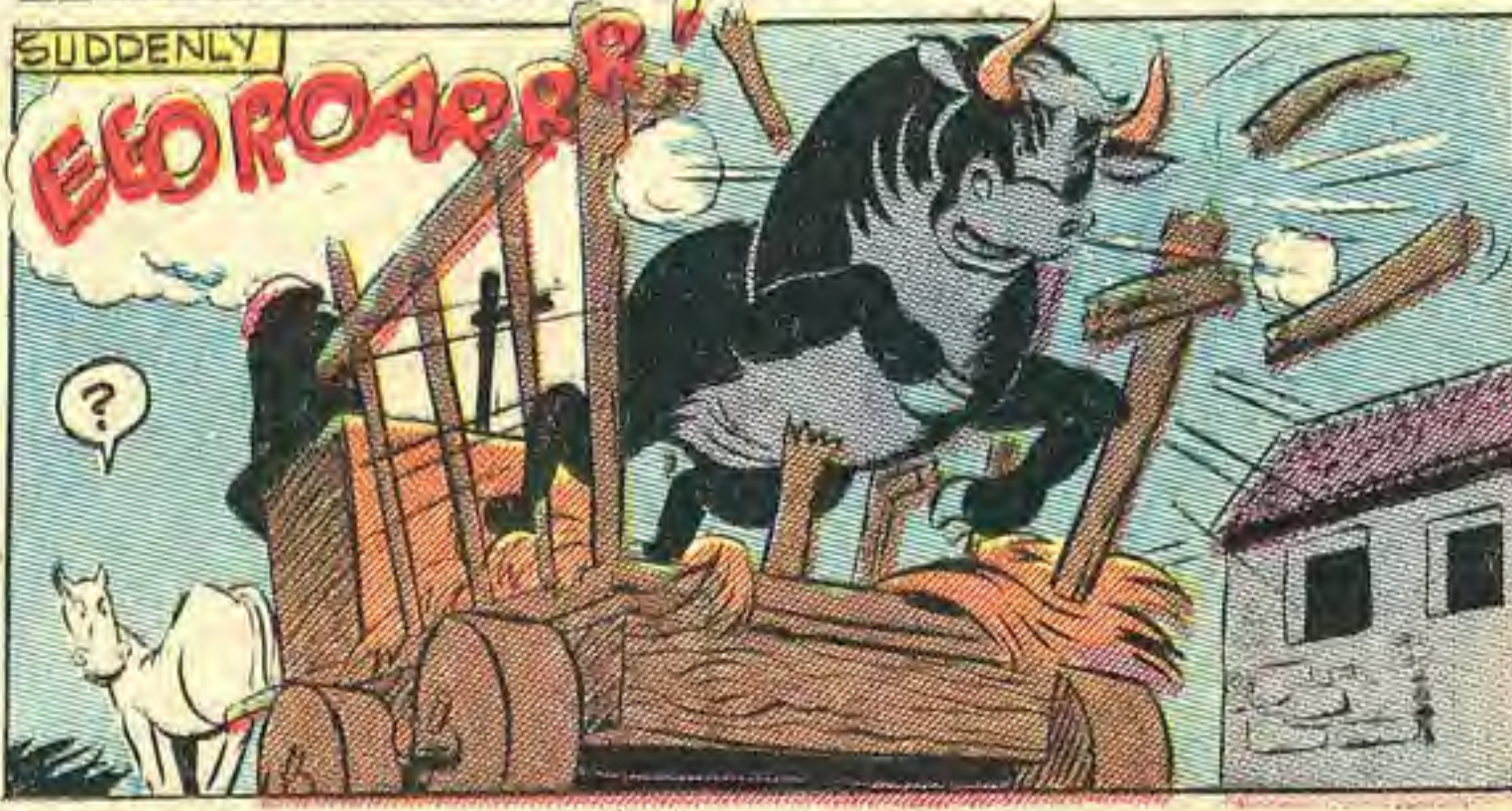
2 HOURS LATER:

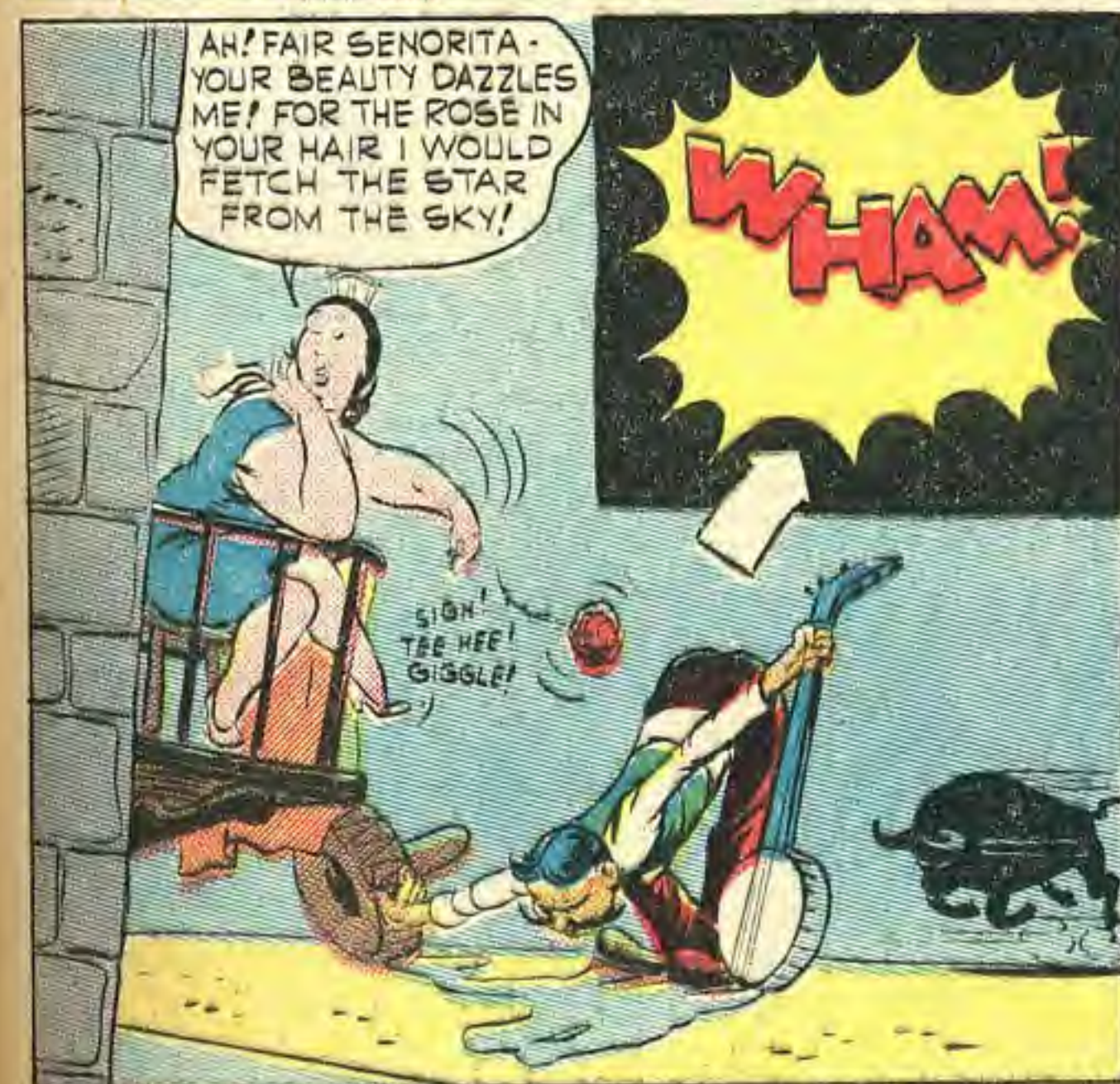
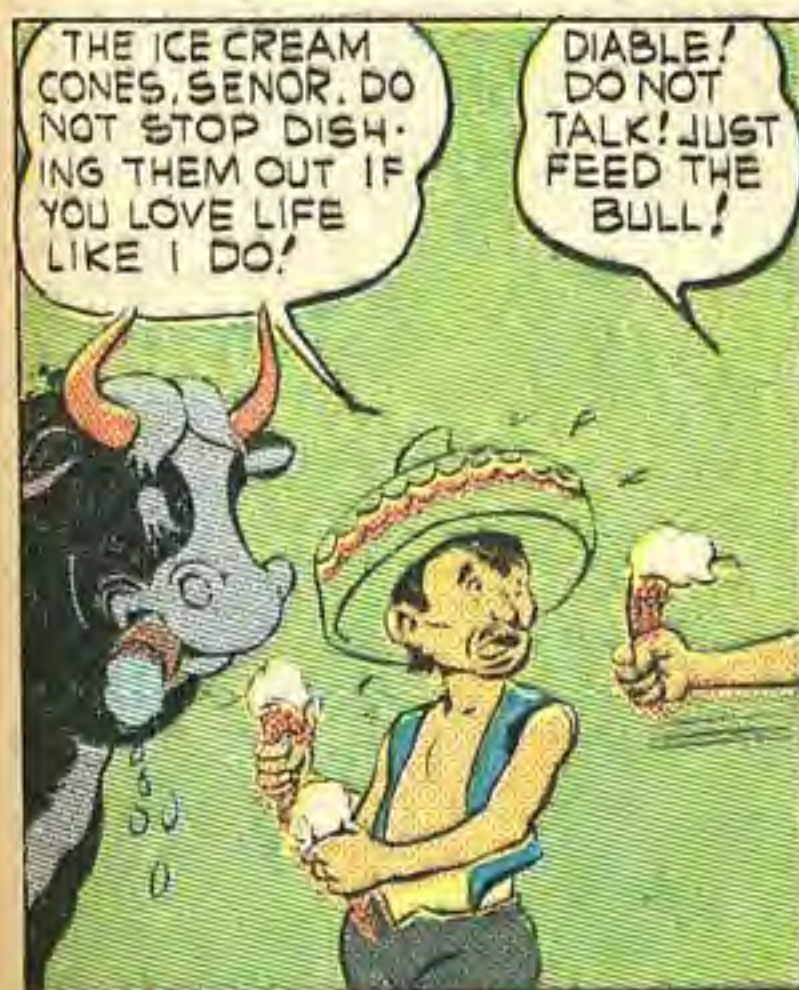
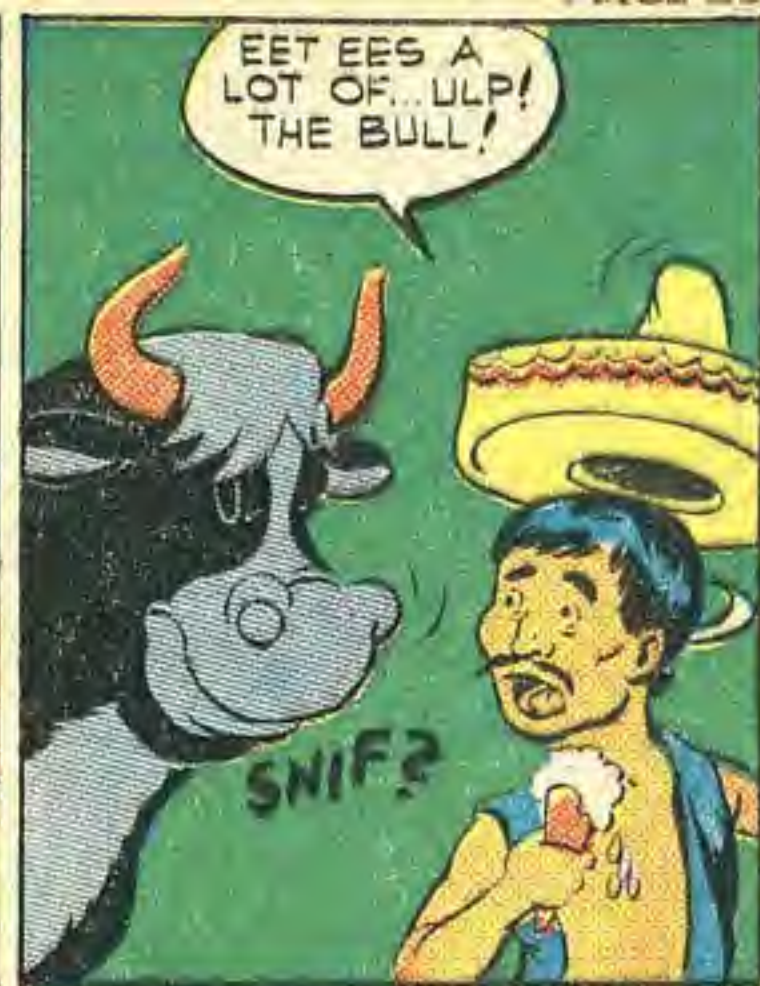
(YAWN) WE CONTINUE NOW, SENORITA!

YOU LIKE ME. NO? YOU DO A LEETLE FAVOR FOR ME? SUCH A LEETLE FAVOR!

FOR YOU, SENORITA, NO FAVOR EES TOO LEETLE!

BUENOS! I HAVE SOME FRIENDS WAITING DOWN - STAIRS. THEY WEEEL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO... ADIOS!





AH! ALMOST 5.30... THE TIME BOMB WE GAVE SENOR SIESTA SHOULD EXPLODE SOON!



SI, HA, HA! THE GERMANS WEEL PAY US EXTRA FOR THEES!



I MUST RETURN AND GET THE ADDRESS AGAIN. THE EXCITEMENT HAS MADE ME FORGET!



OH, THEY ARE EEN CONFERENCE. I HAD BETTER NOT DISTURB THEM NOW!



AH, WELL, I WEEL DELEEVEE EET FOR THEM TO-MORROW!



SENOR SIESTA, WEEL YOU PLEASE TO MAKE THE STATEMENT FOR YOUR PUBLIC?



WEEL YOU EENDORSE OUR FRIJOLES?



WAN MEENUTE... GRRR... I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY!



LOOK - EET EEZ BURPEZ, THE MATADOR!



YOU MAKE THE BEEG NOISE, BURPEZ! SENOR SIESTA ACCEPTS THE CHALLENGE, OF COURSE!

WEETH THE BULLS!



ER.. AH.. ULP! HA-HA! OF COURSE I ACCEPT! I CAN THROW THE BULL BETTER THAN YOU! (GULP)



I AM STEEL OUR COUNTRY'S GREATEST HERO AND I CHALLENGE THE LITTLE UPSTART TO PROVE HIS CLAIM WEETH THE FEESTS OR...



THE DAY OF THE GREAT CONTEST ARRIVES...

GET YOUR PROGRAMS HERE... CAN'T TELL THE MATADORS WITHOUT A PROGRAM!

GATE 3

EL GRANDE BULL FIGHT
BURPEZ VS SENOR SIESTA



BRAYO
VIVA
CLAP CLAP
CLAP

BRINK CUCA-CULA

I DEDICATE THEES BULL TO YOU, EL PRESIDENTE!



HA... NOW I SHALL DEMONSTRATE MY SKILL AND DARING!

OOO!

I SHALL COUNT THREE BEFORE I MAKE THE SIDE-STEP! WAN... TWO

NOW, MIDST WILD APPLAUSE, SENOR SIESTA, THE BRAVEST MATADOR IN ALL THE LAND, STEPS INTO THE ARENA...



CARAMBA! I SHOULD HAVE COUNTED TO TWO!

PVIEW



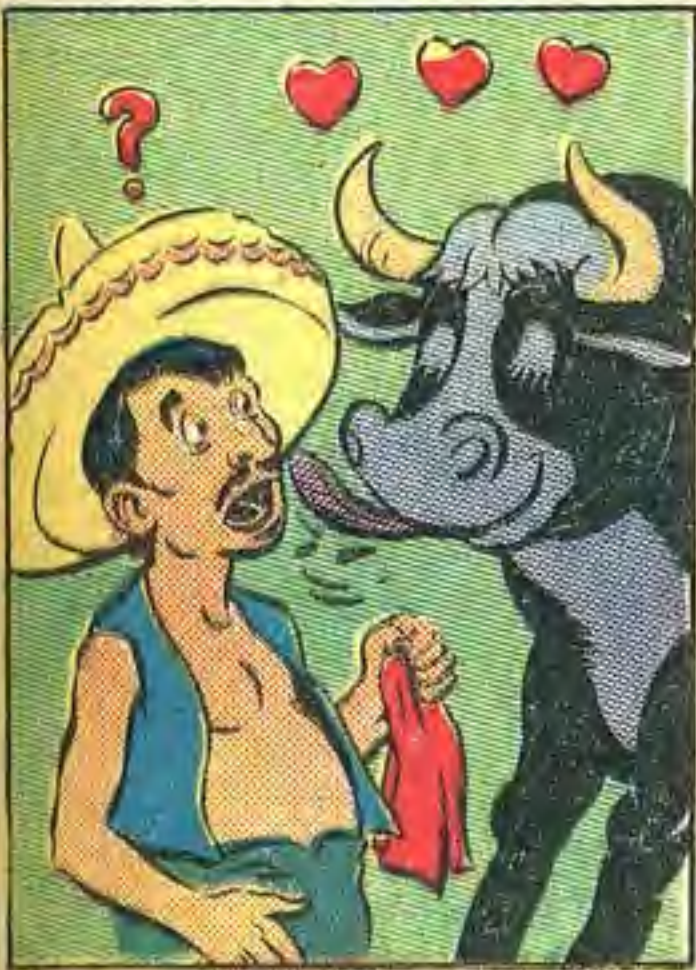
CHATTER CHATTER



OOO! THEES EES THE END! I CAN'T LOOK!



SNIF SNIF SNIF
SCREECH



?



BRAYO! SENOR SIESTA HAS TAMED THE BULL!

HE COWED IT WITH A LOOK OF THE EYE!

BRAYO!

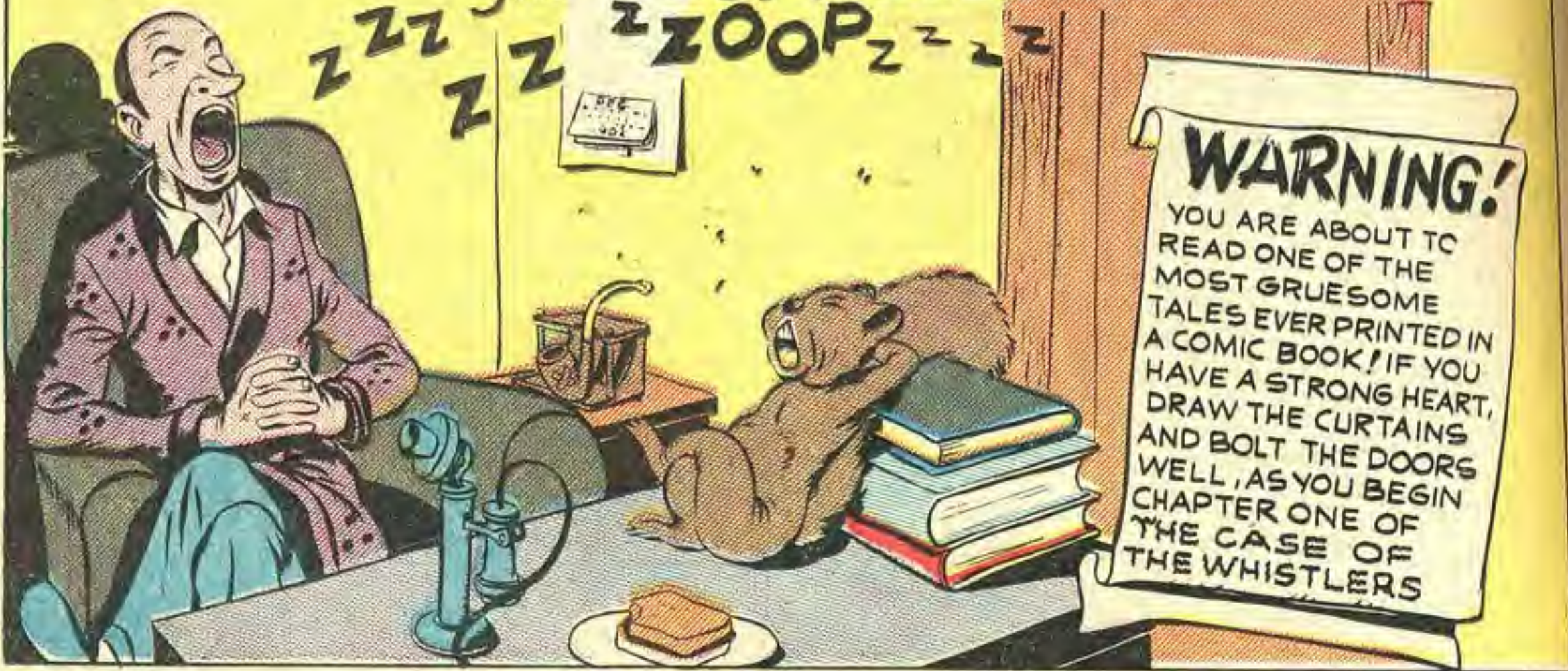


CURSES! I HAVE BEEN MADE THE FOOL, BUT I AM NOT DONE. I SHALL YET HAVE MY REVENGE ON SENOR SIESTA!

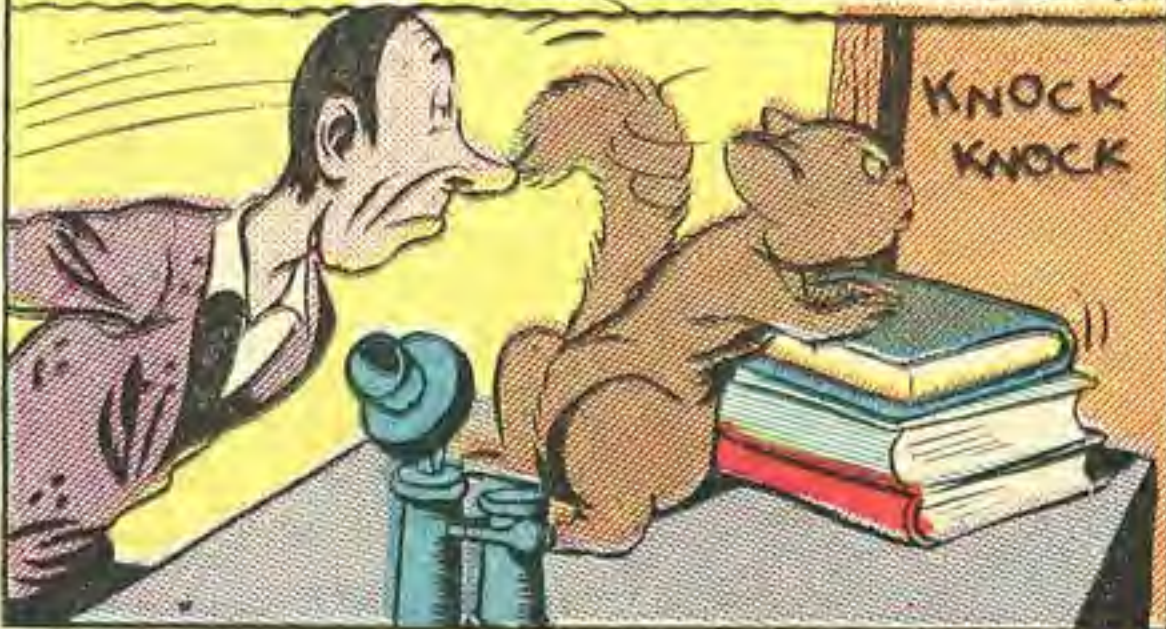
BEWARE, SENOR SIESTA! BURPEZ IS A CRUEL AND CUNNING FOE WHO WILL STOP AT NOTHING!

SNOOP MCGOOK

the SOUPY SLEUTH.....
ZZZ Z Z Z ZOOP Z Z Z Z



OUR STORY OPENS AS SNOOP MCGOOK AND HIS BOSOM PAL, WALDO, ARE AWAKENED FROM THEIR AFTERNOON SIESTA... THAT'S SNOOP ON THE LEFT...



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS AND OUT COMES SNOOP MCG-?? BUT NO... IT'S SOME GUY WITH A BEARD ...WHERE'D HE COME FROM?



I AM THE CROWN PRINCESS JULIANNA. MY JEWELS HAVE BEEN STOLEN BY A NOT-ORIOUS AND DANGEROUS RING OF SPIES!



UM-HM
YEP
UH-HUH
YEH

THEY ARE KNOWN AS THE "WHISTLERS" AS EACH MEMBER HAS AN IDENTIFYING WHISTLE! PLEASE..YOU MUST HELP ME!



IT WILL BE WELL WORTH YOUR WHILE. I'LL PAY YOU HALF NOW AND HALF WHEN YOU RETURN MY JEWELS!

WOULD \$50 BE TOO...ER AHM...



LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME AND I'LL HAVE 'EM FOR YOU IN FORTY-EIGHT DAYS,

BUT BE VERY CAREFUL! YOU'LL KNOW THE LEADER BY HIS RED HAIR! HE'S A COLD-BLOODED KILLER!



\$450... \$475... \$500... BOY OBOY!

I BETTER EAT FIRST..THEN WORK!



ON HIS WAY TO THE CAFE SNOOP PASSES A WINDOW FROM WHICH LEER TWO PAIRS OF EYES!



HEAR THAT! THAT MUST BE THE WHISTLER WE'RE WAITING FOR!

YEAH! THAT'S HIM ALL RIGHT! I'LL GET 'IM!









CROOKS ARE WHERE YOU FIND THEM

A SNOOP McGOOK STORY

SNOOP McGOOK, detective extraordinary, was on his way to the National Bank when a thin, wiry man bumped forcibly into him.

"I beg your pardon," said Snoop. "I—er——"

But the fellow was up on his feet and off, running toward the James Street bus standing in the terminal.

"He's certainly in a hurry," remarked Snoop, as he adjusted his coat. Suddenly he spied a briefcase at his feet.

"My goodness, he must have dropped this!" Snoop picked up the case and ran for the terminal. Just as he reached the gate, the thin, wiry man slipped into the bus. The bus spat a few times and started off.

"Gracious, I'd better hop in a cab and chase that bus. It doesn't stop before Hodger's City." He howled for a taxi.

A taxi drew up and the driver swung the rear door open, catching Snoop McGook on the shoulder and spinning him once more to the curb.

"Dear me, how clumsy of me," murmured Snoop as he dusted himself off and entered the cab. "Driver, follow the James Street bus and let me off at the terminal at Hodger's City. Somebody's dropped a briefcase and I must return it to him."

Snoop glowed with pride as he fumbled with the clasp of the case. "Wonder what's inside? Maybe it's valuable and I'll get a reward." The taxi lurched on and Snoop finally undid the case. His eyes gaped

and he swallowed hard as he saw bundles and bundles of money. Hundreds and hundreds of dollars.

"Gollydoodle, it's a good thing I'm honest—why, I might steal this and the man would never get it back!"

"Okay, pal," said the driver, suddenly. Snoop paid the driver and dashed for the bus, which had just pulled in. Yes, there he was—the thin, wiry man sitting in the rear seat!

"Hey, mister," shouted Snoop, "you dropped something and I——"

Suddenly Snoop found himself sprawled out on the sidewalk for the third time that morning. "Strange," he said. "How did I get here?"

The bus driver leaned out of his window and shouted: "Hey, weasel-face! When your pal saw you coming, he ran out of here and knocked you right off the platform! He took that trolley across the bridge."

Snoop McGook ran for the trolley, but it had already started clattering along and was half a block over the bridge. In desperation, he looked up and down the street. Nothing in sight, no taxi, not even a car he could hail! Now how was he going to return the money? Suddenly, he saw a boy pedalling a tricycle. "Aha!" thought Snoop and he ran toward the boy. He felt into his pocket and brought out a quarter, a shiny new quarter. In a trice, McGook was wheeling across the bridge, hot in pursuit of the

trolley—his tricycle careening madly from side to side!

The trolley stopped at the far side of the bridge.

"Ah, there he is," gasped Snoop as he saw the thin, wiry man stepping down. But before Snoop could do anything, the tricycle was out of control. "Oh, dear!" he said, and again, "Oh, dear!" In the winking of an eyelash, he had crashed against his quarry with a mighty thud! Yelping in pain, the thin, wiry man fell to the ground, Snoop atop of him.

"G-gee, I'm g-glad I got to you at last," spluttered Snoop. "H-here's the briefcase you dropped."

Sadly, wearily, the thin man looked at him and held out his hands. "I give up, copper," he said. "I can't dodge you—yer too good. G'wan, slip me the cuffs."

In a daze, McGook snapped his handcuffs around the extended wrists.

Later, at the station house, the police lieutenant beamed across the desk at Snoop McGook. "I don't know how you city detectives do it," he said. He dripped admiration. "How'd you spot that crook as quick as you did? Why, the guy didn't have the dough ten minutes when you got on his trail."

Snoop puffed wisely on his cigar. His chest popped out. Then he tapped his forehead significantly and answered with calm deliberation, "It's a gift, pal. It's a gift."

PEP COMICS

IS NEVER SATISFIED!!

PEP GAVE YOU THE MOST DARINGLY DIFFERENT CHARACTER IN THE HISTORY OF COMIC BOOKS, A CHARACTER WHO HAS SOARED TO AN ALL-TIME HIGH IN POPULARITY - *The HANGMAN*

PEP REFUSED TO REST ON ITS LAURELS. IT REFUSED TO STAY IN THE SAME RUT MONTH AFTER MONTH. IT LOOKED FOR SOMETHING FRESH. AND SO IT GAVE YOU - **THE NEW SHIELD**

PEP ALWAYS SENSITIVE TO POPULAR DEMAND. ALWAYS ANXIOUS TO GIVE ITS READERS WHAT THEY WANT - AND MORE - REALLY OUTDID ITSELF AND GAVE YOU - **ARCHIE**

AND NOW AUGUST PEP GIVES YOU

WE SAY WITH-
OUT A MOMENT'S
HESITATION THAT
YOU'LL GET
YOUR MONEY'S
WORTH IN THE
AUGUST
ISSUE OF
PEP

comics!
IF YOU BUY IT
ONLY TO
READ THIS
SENSATIONALLY
"DIFFERENT
FEATURE!.....

**BOY
SOLDIERS**
APPEARING
ONLY IN
PEP COMICS
DEFIES
IMITATION!

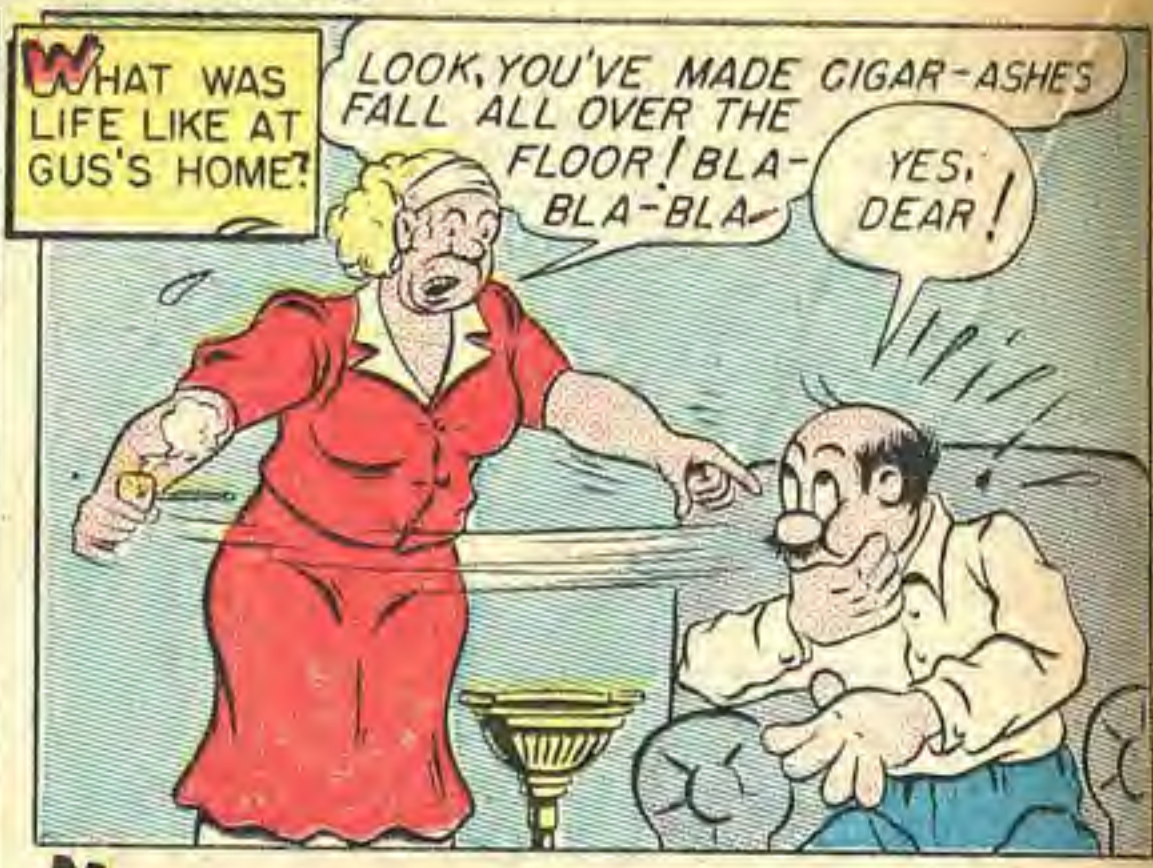
The **BOY SOLDIERS**

AND, AS FOR
THESE OLD
STAND-BYS

1. **SERGEANT BOYLE**
2. **DANNY IN WONDERLAND**
3. **BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD**

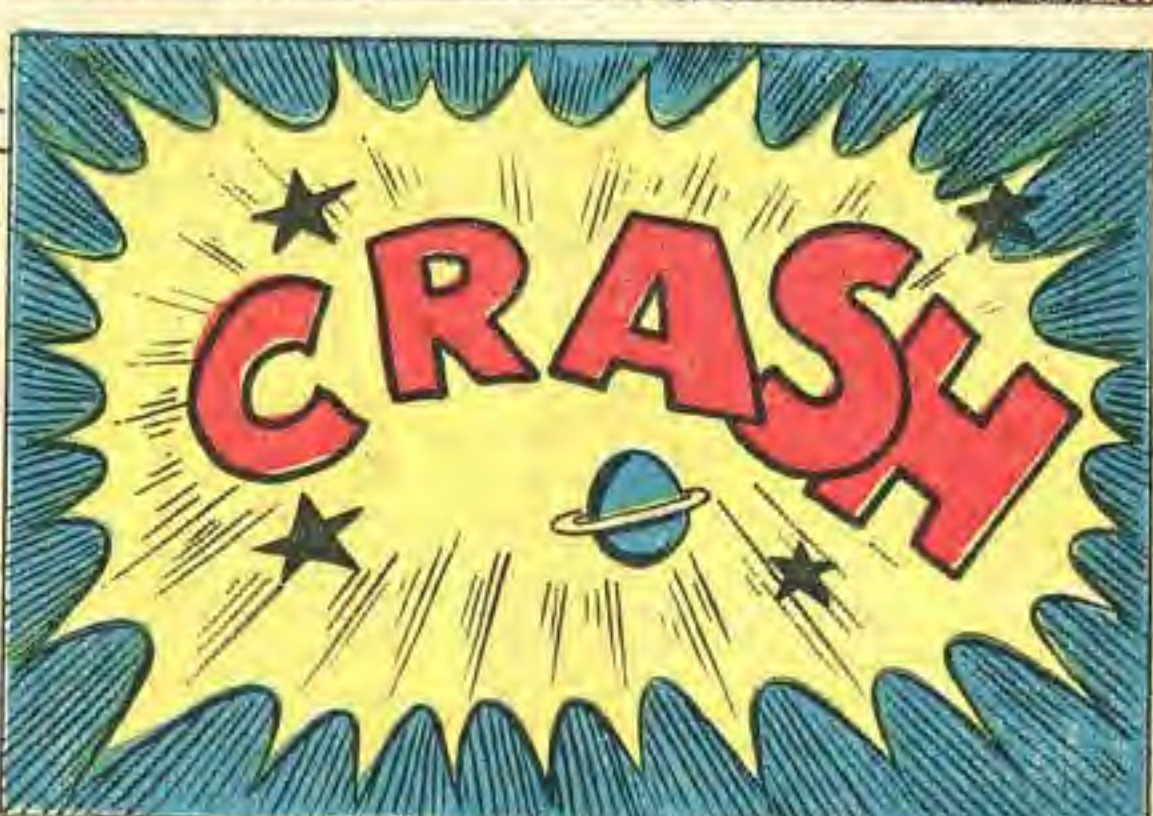
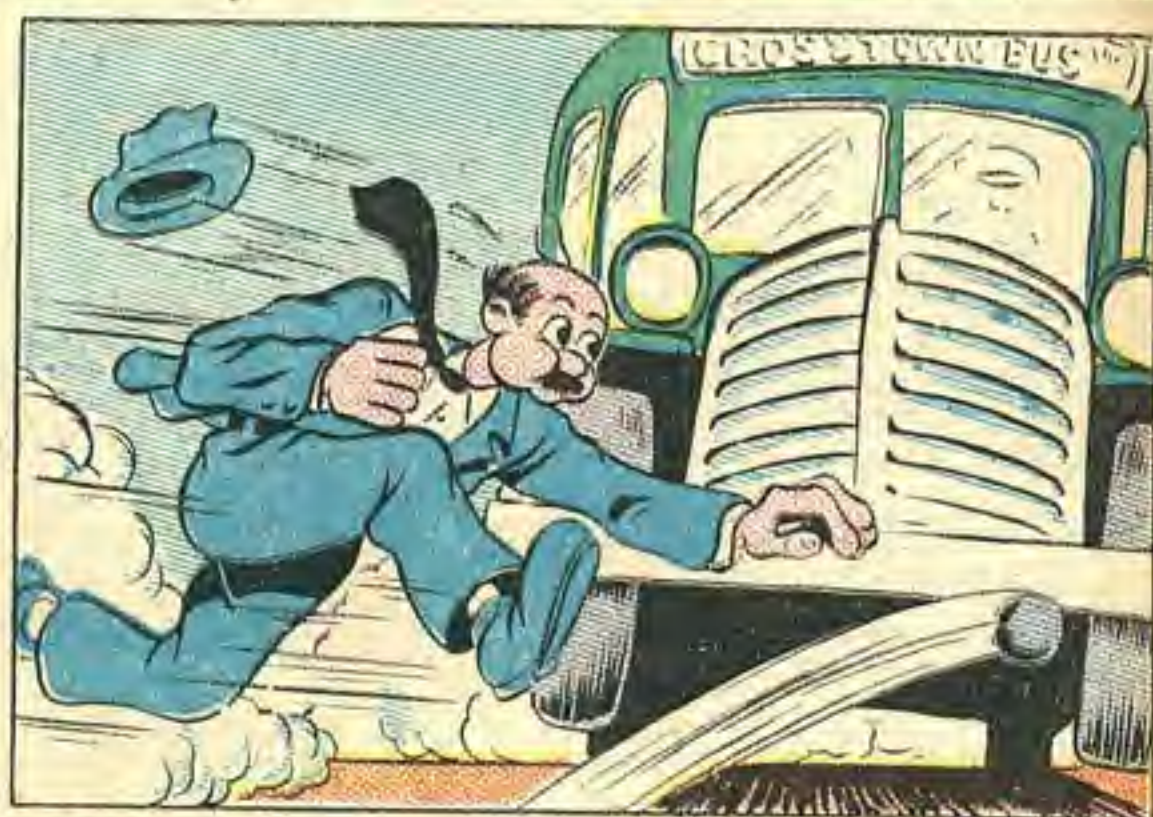
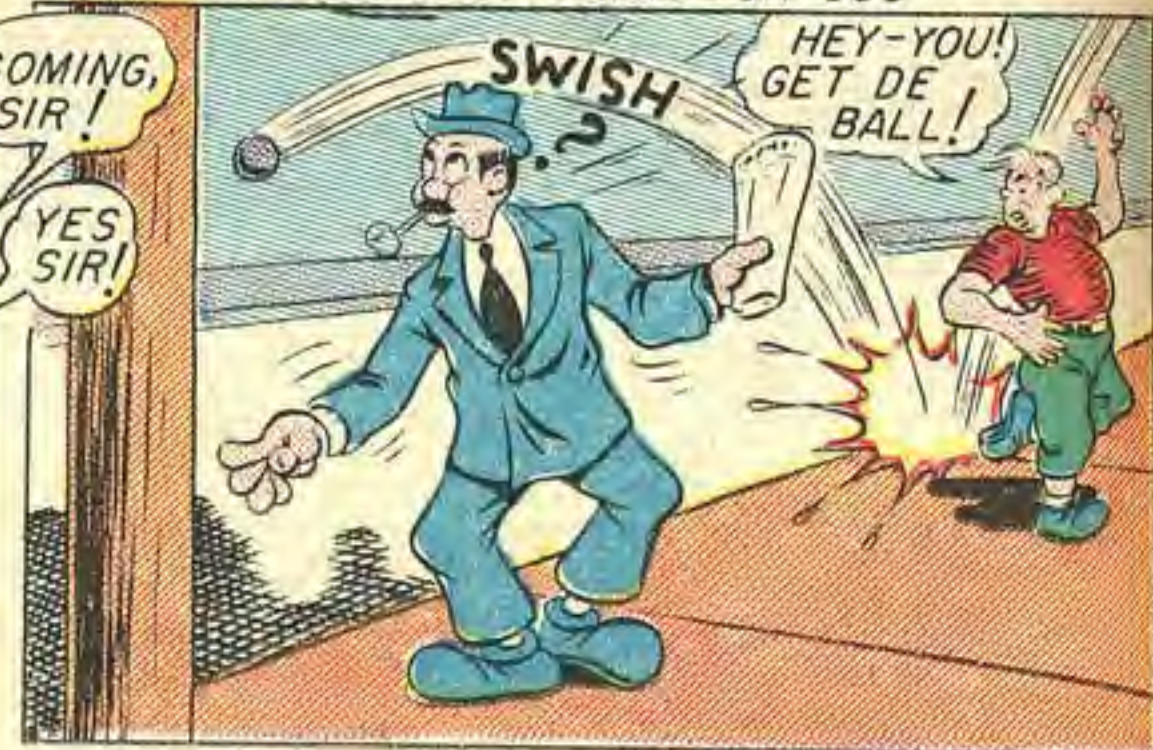
WE DON'T
HAVE TO SAY
ANYTHING
ABOUT THEM.
YOU HAVE
TOLD US BE-
YOND ANY
FURTHER
COMMENT
IN YOUR
THOUSANDS
OF LETTERS!



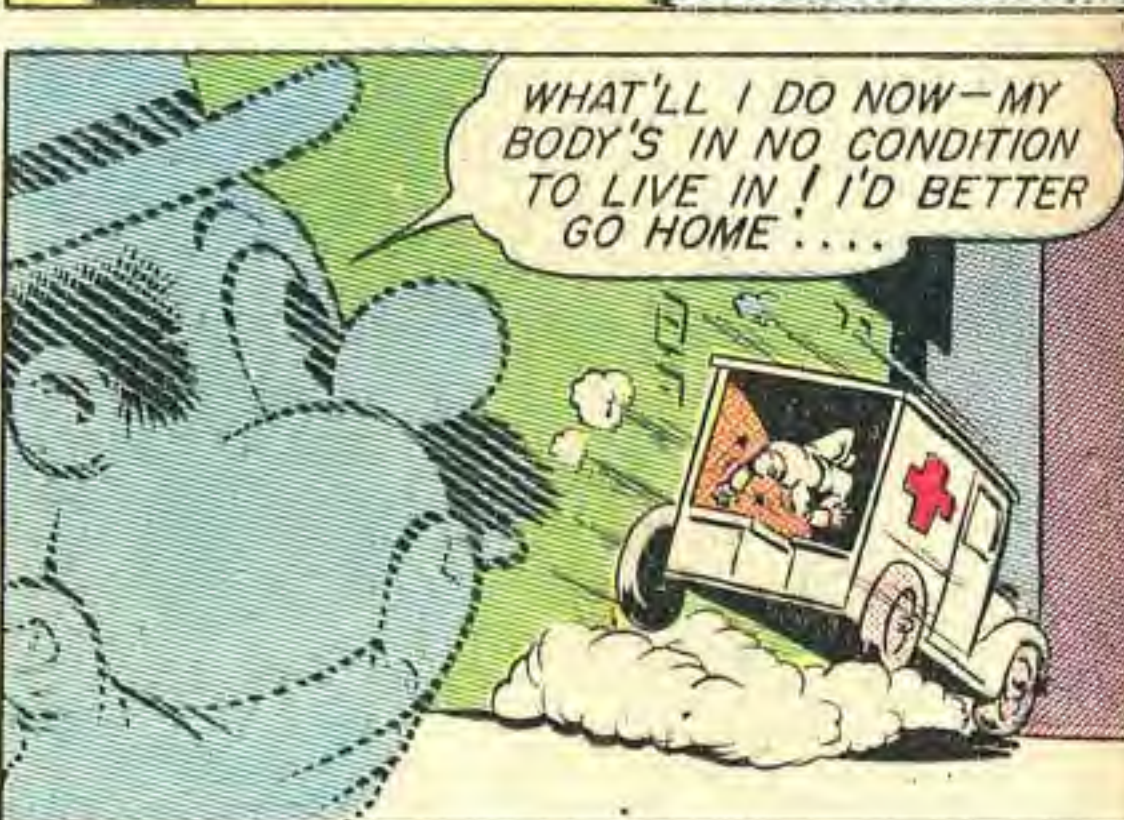


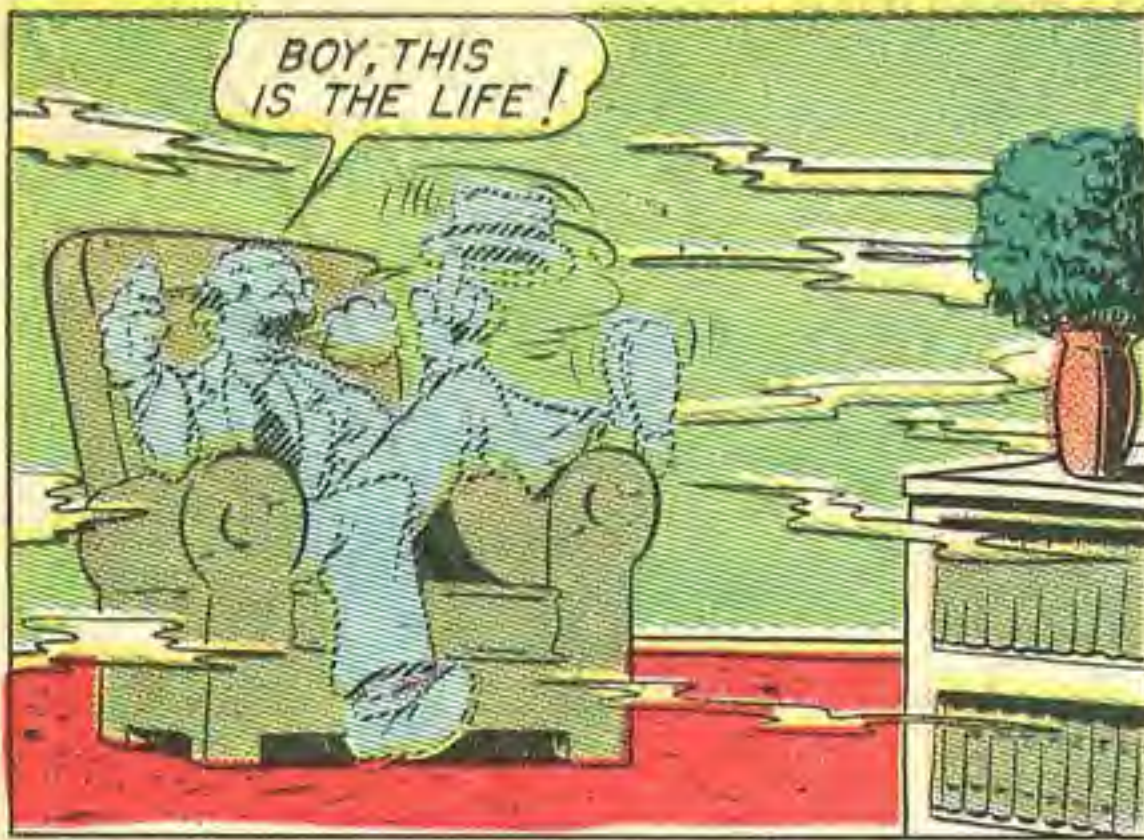
WHAT WAS LIFE AT THE OFFICE LIKE.....?

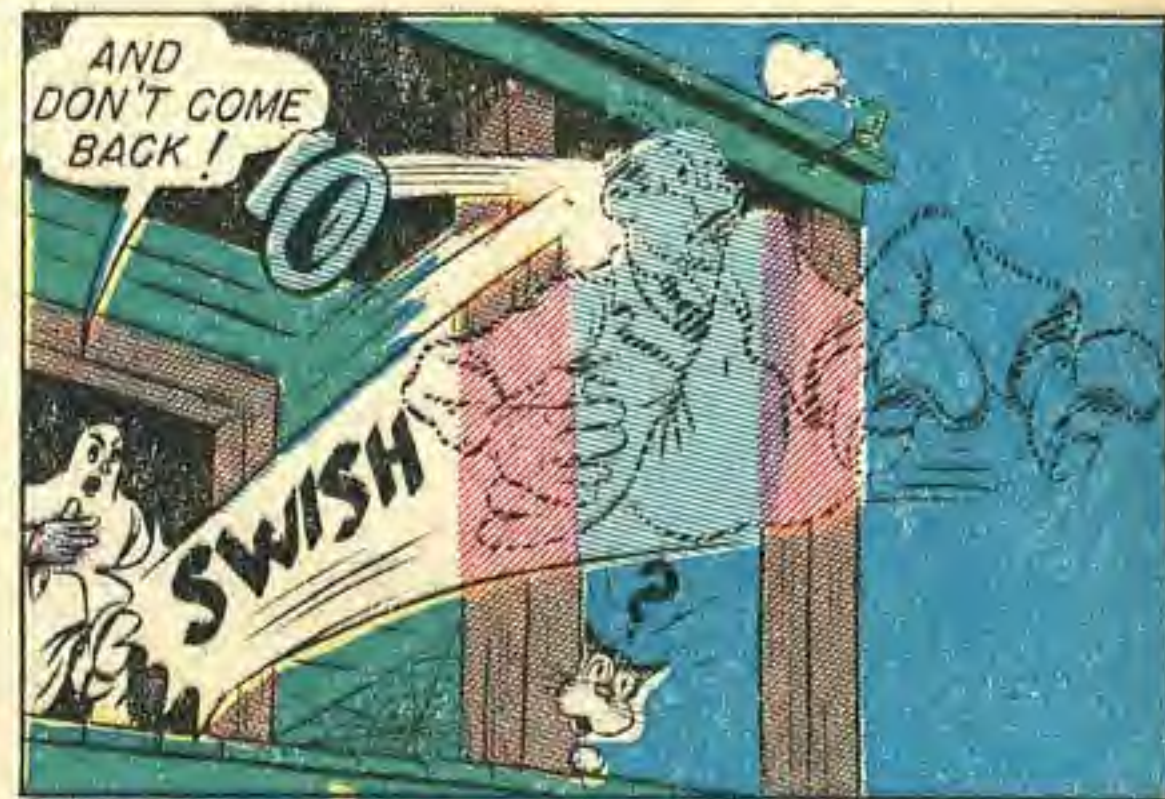
NO—LIFE WAS NO PICNIC FOR GUS











SUZIE

A CHORUS GIRL'S LIFE IS SO ROMANTIC" OR SO SUZIE THOUGHT UNTIL SHE GOT A JOB IN A CHORUS AND DISCOVERED THAT A CORN IS NOT NECESSARILY SOMETHING GROWN ON A COB. AS OUR STORY OPENS SUZIE IS DEMONSTRATING THAT ONE WAY TO SAVE AN INSTEP IS TO KEEP OUT OF STEP...

HOLY GEE! IF MY FEET GET ANY WORSE I'LL BE WALKING AROUND ON MY HANDS!

DANGER
200,000
VOLTS

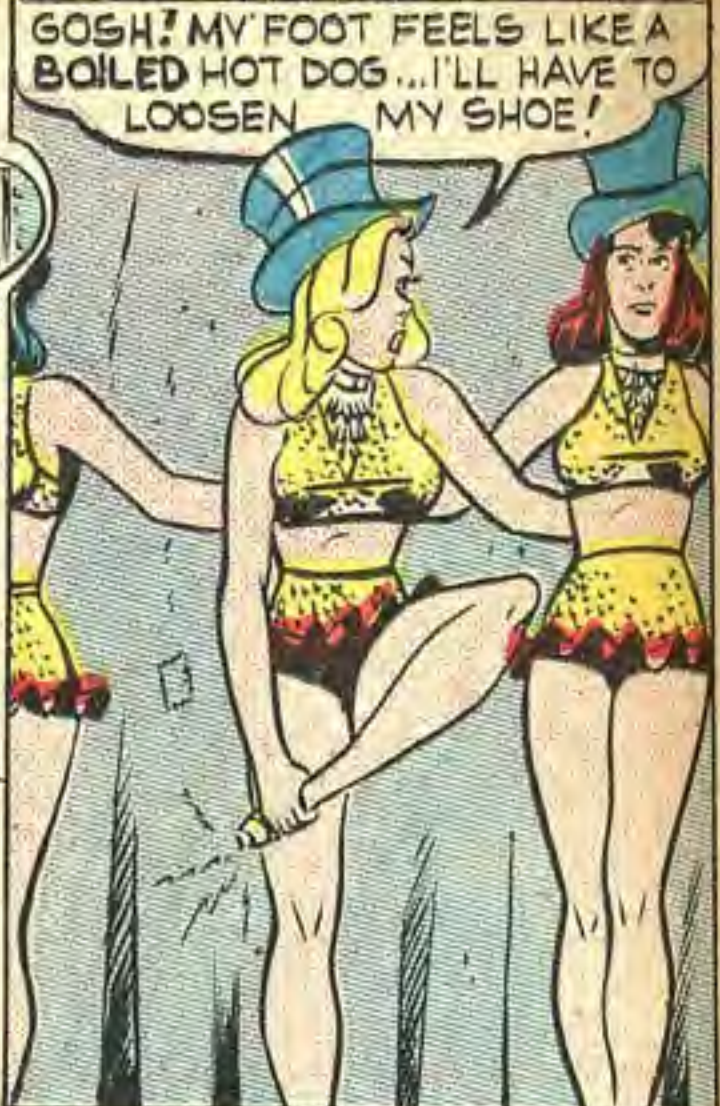
C'MON! TIME TO START REHEARSAL AGAIN! CUT OUT ALL THE GABBIN'!

THAT MEANS YOU TOO, MISS DELOVELY!

IT'S JUST BEEN (SIGH) HEAVEN SITTING WITH YOU LIKE THIS!

THAT GXX!!~!!~!! DOG AGAIN!

COME ALONG, CREAM PIE! TIME FOR MUMMY TO START HER NASTY OLD RE-HEARSING!





BUT I OWE YOU SOMETHING FOR GETTING RID OF THAT OVERGROWN MOUSE! I'LL GET YOU ANOTHER JOB!

GEE, THANKS! THAT'S AWFULLY GOOD OF YOU!

S'LONG, GALS! IT WAS FUN WORKING HERE EVEN IF IT WAS KINDA HARD ON THE FEET!

YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE GETTING OUT OF THIS RACKET, BELIEVE ME!

GEE GOLLY! I CAN STILL HEAR MY DOGS BARKING! WONDER WHY EVERYBODY'S STARING AT ME?

YAP YAP YAP

IT'S INHUMAN IF YOU ASK ME - KEEPING A DOG LOCKED UP LIKE THAT!

A DOG?

YEOWW! IT'S CREAM PIE.....I'LL HAVE TO TAKE HER BACK!

LOOKIT THAT CROWD!

TONIGHT! GRAND PREMIERE "DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR"

STARRING MISS DELOVELY

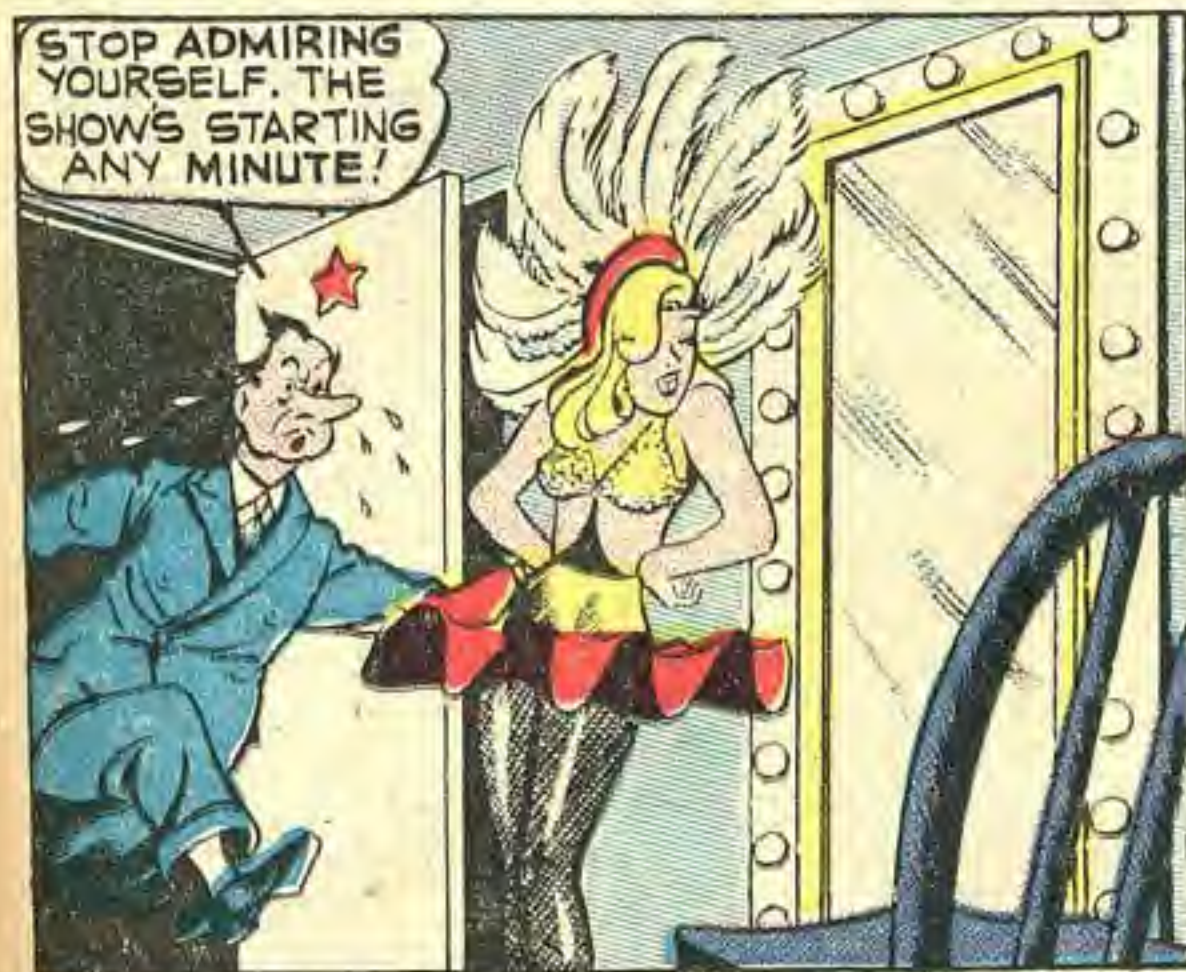
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY! THIS IS CREAM PIE - AND MISS DELOVELY WANTS HER BACK!

SUZIE! SHE'S BACK!

DRESSING ROOMS

AND WAIT'LL THE DIRECTOR SEES WHAT SHE BROUGHT WITH HER!

I'M GOING TO TAKE A WALK, MIRANDA! I HAVE TO GET INTO THE MOOD BEFORE THE SHOW BEGINS!



TOP-NOTCH'S HALL OF FAME

LT. COMMANDER
DR. CORYDON M. WASSELL

I SHOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE MEN WE HAVE IN OUR ARMED FORCES! THERE IS, FOR INSTANCE, DR. CORYDON M. WASSELL... WHO WAS ASSIGNED TO DUTY IN JAVA, CARING FOR WOUNDED OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE CRUISERS HOUSTON AND MARBLEHEAD... IN HEAVY ACTION IN THE JAVA SEAS!

THESE WORDS RECENTLY SPOKEN BY OUR PRESIDENT BEGIN A GLOWING STORY OF MAGNIFICENT HEROISM. THESE WORDS HAVE INSPIRED TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS TO BRING YOU THE MOST EXCITING TALE OF THE KIND OF COURAGE AND GALLANTRY THAT WILL WIN THIS WAR...

ABOARD ONE OF OUR FIGHTING SHIPS IN THE EASTERN SEA, DR. WASSELL PERFORMS AN EMERGENCY OPERATION WITH CALM AND ACCURACY...

Paul Newman

TAKE IT EASY, SAILOR! STEADY DOES IT!

OH-OH-AAH!

MEANWHILE, ON DECK, WHERE A FURIOUS BATTLE RAGES...

THE WHEEL'S LOOSE, CAPTAIN-STEERING GEARS GONE!

WELL WE'RE NOT! WE'LL FIGHT TO THE END!

THE SHIP LISTS HEAVILY, AND THE HOSPITAL BELOW DECK BECOMES A WHIRLING MASS OF WATER AND SHRAPNEL...



SUDDENLY A STRAY PIECE OF SHELL CASE BITES IN TO DR. WASSELL'S ARM.



OHH! CAN'T STOP TO TREAT MYSELF NOW!

HURRY WITH THOSE SPONGES BEFORE MY ARM GOES NUMB.. THIS MAN'S IN A BAD WAY!



AS TWILIGHT BATHES THE COAST OF JAVA IN AN EERIE GLOW, THE CRUISER HOUSTON LIMPS INTO PORT...



YES, FRED'S DOING SWELL - HE'LL BE UP AND AROUND IN A WEEK!

AND HOW ABOUT YOU - DOCTOR?

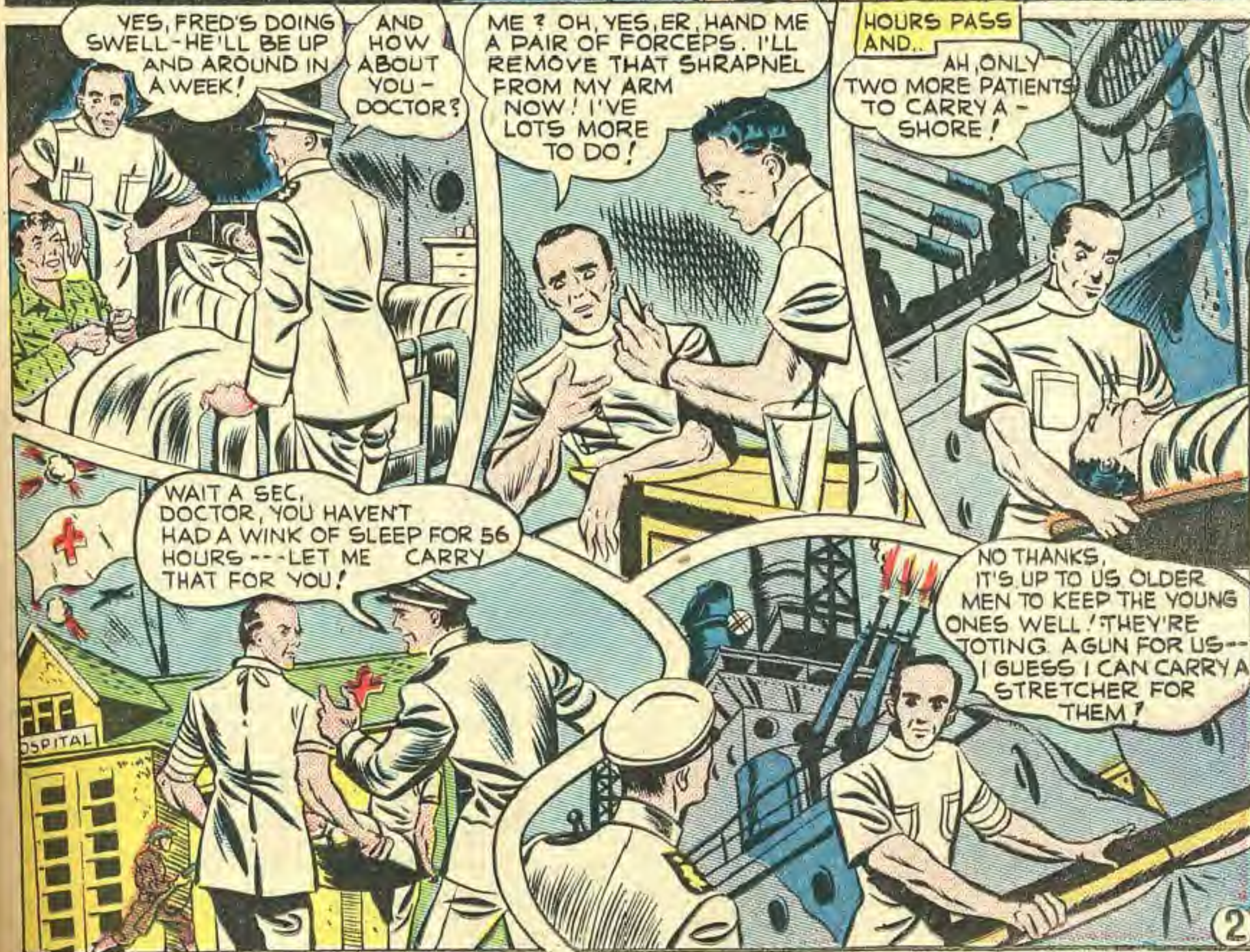
ME? OH, YES, ER, HAND ME A PAIR OF FORCEPS. I'LL REMOVE THAT SHRAPNEL FROM MY ARM NOW! I'VE LOTS MORE TO DO!

HOURS PASS AND...

AH, ONLY TWO MORE PATIENTS TO CARRY A-SHORE!

WAIT A SEC, DOCTOR, YOU HAVEN'T HAD A WINK OF SLEEP FOR 56 HOURS --- LET ME CARRY THAT FOR YOU!

NO THANKS, IT'S UP TO US OLDER MEN TO KEEP THE YOUNG ONES WELL! THEY'RE TOTING A GUN FOR US -- I GUESS I CAN CARRY A STRETCHER FOR THEM!





THAT'S THE LAST PATIENT-NOW, I.....!



GREAT GRAPPLING IRONS! DR. WASSELL'S FAINTED!



HE'S BEEN DOING MUCH TOO MUCH WORK!

GET HIM IN ONE OF THOSE BEDS!



HOURS LATER:

W-WHAT'S THIS? WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE TAKING IT EASY FOR A CHANGE, DOCTOR. AND NO ARGUMENTS!



REPORT FROM LOOKOUT, SIR! JAPS ADVANCING ACROSS THE ISLAND!

GREAT GUNS! WE'LL HAVE TO EVACUATE, BUT WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THE WOUNDED?

I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH THEM, SIR!

MEN, THERE ARE 13 OF US REMAINING - WE STAY SO AS NOT TO HOLD OUR TROOPS BACK FROM THEIR ESCAPE!



BUT WE HAVE A CHANCE YET! ONE IN A MILLION. THAT IS IF YOU'RE WILLING TO TAKE THAT CHANCE!

YOU BET WE ARE!

THAT NIGHT



HOP IN, DOC! WE'RE READY TO SHOVE OFF!

INTO THE STILL NIGHT DR. WASSELL GUIDES HIS LITTLE BAND OF THIRTEEN WOUNDED MEN HEADING FOR FREEDOM

ALL OF A SUDDEN, THE HARSH CRACK OF A REVOLVER STABS THE SILENCE AS ONE OF THE MEN DROPS HIS GUN...

AND AT THE JAP LISTENING POST...

MUST TELL COMMANDER I HEAR SHOT FROM EAST COAST!

WE JUST RECEIVE NEWS OF ACTIVITY ON JAVA COAST! TAKE OFF IMMEDIATELY, TOGO, AND BLAST ANY ENEMY IN SIGHT!

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES...

LOOK! ENEMY, TOGO, WE SHALL DIVE-BOMB THEM!

THOSE DIRTY JAPS - THEY CAN SEE WE'RE UNARMED!

HA-HA-HA - THEY THINK THEY CAN ESCAPE US, TOGO HA-HA-HA -

HOLD FAST BOYS, I'M HEADING FOR THE SHORE!

DUCK LOW, MEN! GIVE ME THAT GUN, JACK!

IN THE TEMPORARY SHELTER OF SHORE, WASSALL TAKES ACCURATE AIM AT THE WHEELING PLANE...

...AND SHATTERS THE VITAL RUDDER CONTROL OF THE ATTACKING JAP PLANE.





PERCY

ROUND TWO COMING UP! PERCY TOOK THE FIRST ONE WHEN HE GOT RID OF HIS PRIVATE TUTORS IN THE LAST ISSUE AND MADE HIS ULTRA-ULTRA PARENTS LET HIM ATTEND HIGH SCHOOL JUST LIKE ANY OTHER ORDINARY FELLER...SO NOW WE SEE PERCY ABOUT TO ENROLL AT HILLTOP HIGH...

HEY, GANG, GET A LOAD OF THAT FUGITIVE FROM A RATION CARD!

ZOWIE! MUST BE AT LEAST AN AMBASSADOR IN THAT THING!

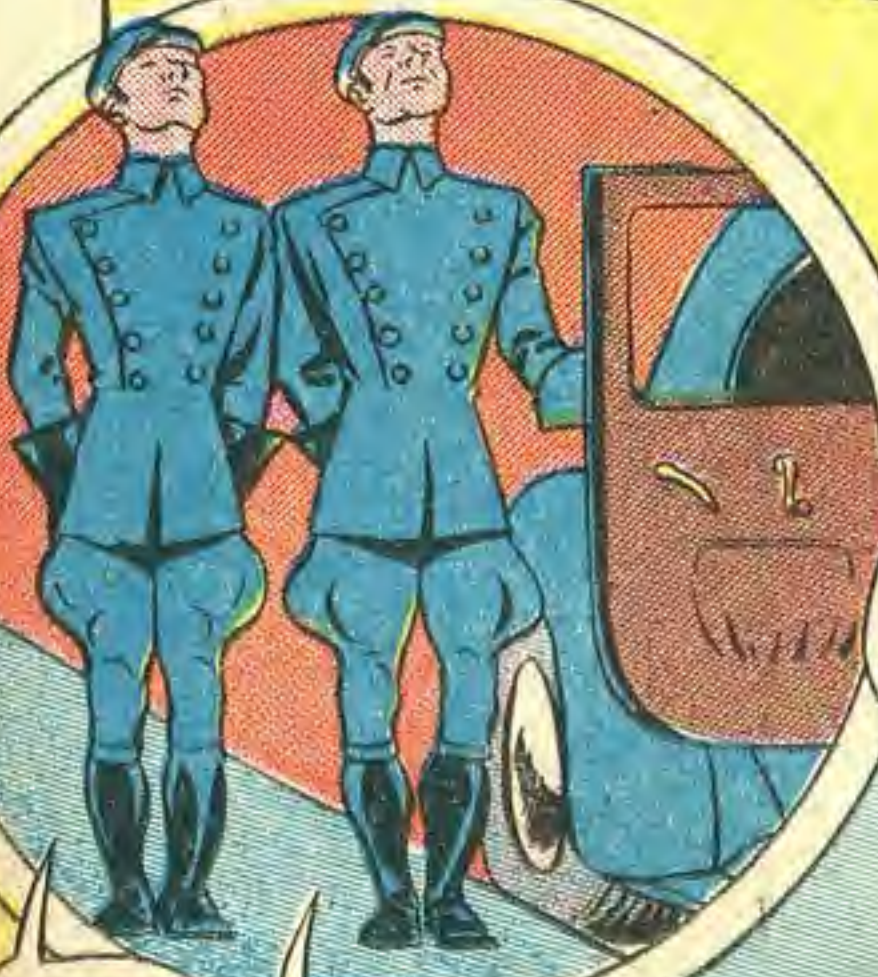
NO THANKS! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW! YOU BOYS MAY RETURN HOME!

SAY THAT'S PERCY PLUMMER, THE BLUE-BLOOD!

WOW... THEY SAY HIS HOUSE IS WALL-PAPERED WITH TEN DOLLAR BILLS!

WE HAVE ARRIVED, MASTER PERCIVAL!

SHALL WE ESCORT YOU TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, SIR?



WHILE FURTHER ALONG THE CAMPUS...

AND SO THERE'S THREE GUYS WAITING TO TACKLE ME.. I GIVE ONE A STRAIGHT-ARM, SIDE-STEP THE OTHER TWO, AND WHAM... TOUCHDOWN NUMBER SIX FOR YOURS TRULY!

OOH.. ISN'T HE WONDERFUL?

TELL US HOW YOU WON THE SIX-DAY BICYCLE RACE IN FIVE DAYS, GABBY!



I BEG YOUR PARDON... COULD YOU CHARMING YOUNG LADIES DIRECT ME TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE?



TEE HEE! ISN'T HE THE CUTEST THING?

AND SUCH A PERFECT GENTLEMAN!

(SIGH) I COULD GO FOR HIM IN A BIG WAY!



B*?!*~ HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? SOON AS THOSE GIRLS SAW THAT SISSY THEY DITCHED ME LIKE I HAD B.O. WITH ONION-BREATH!



AH, MY FIRST CLASS... I DO HOPE I MAKE LOTS OF FRIENDS!



IF YOU'LL JUST LOOK AROUND, PERCY, YOU'LL SEE ONE GUY YOU CAN STRIKE OUT AS A FRIEND...

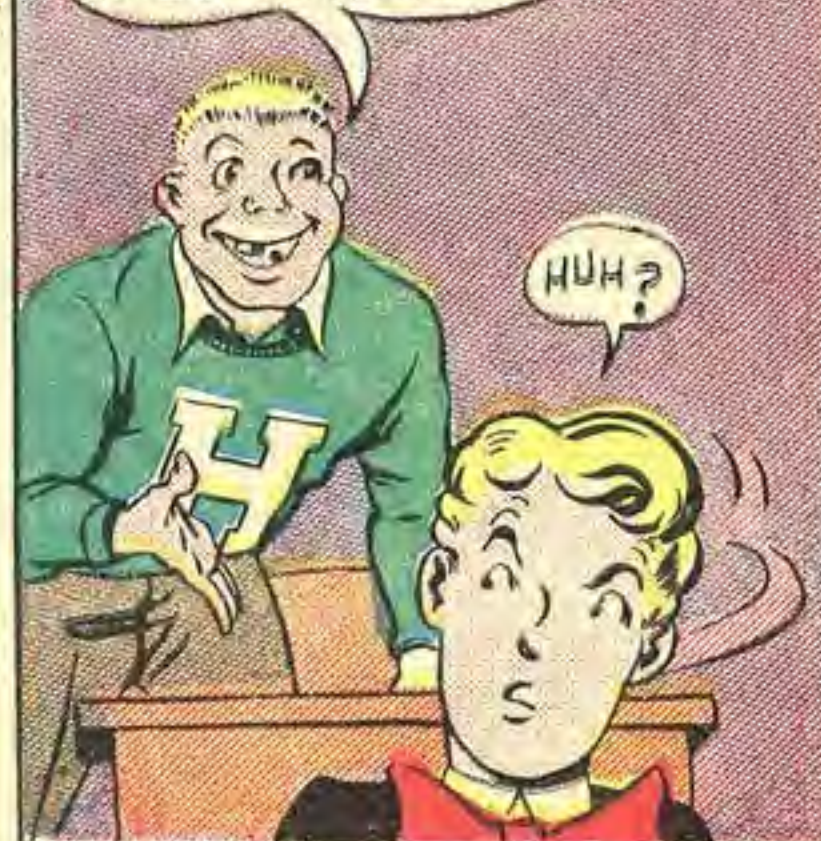
HEY... IT'S THAT SISSY, PERCY PLUMMER! SO HE'S IN MY ENGLISH CLASS, HUH? THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!

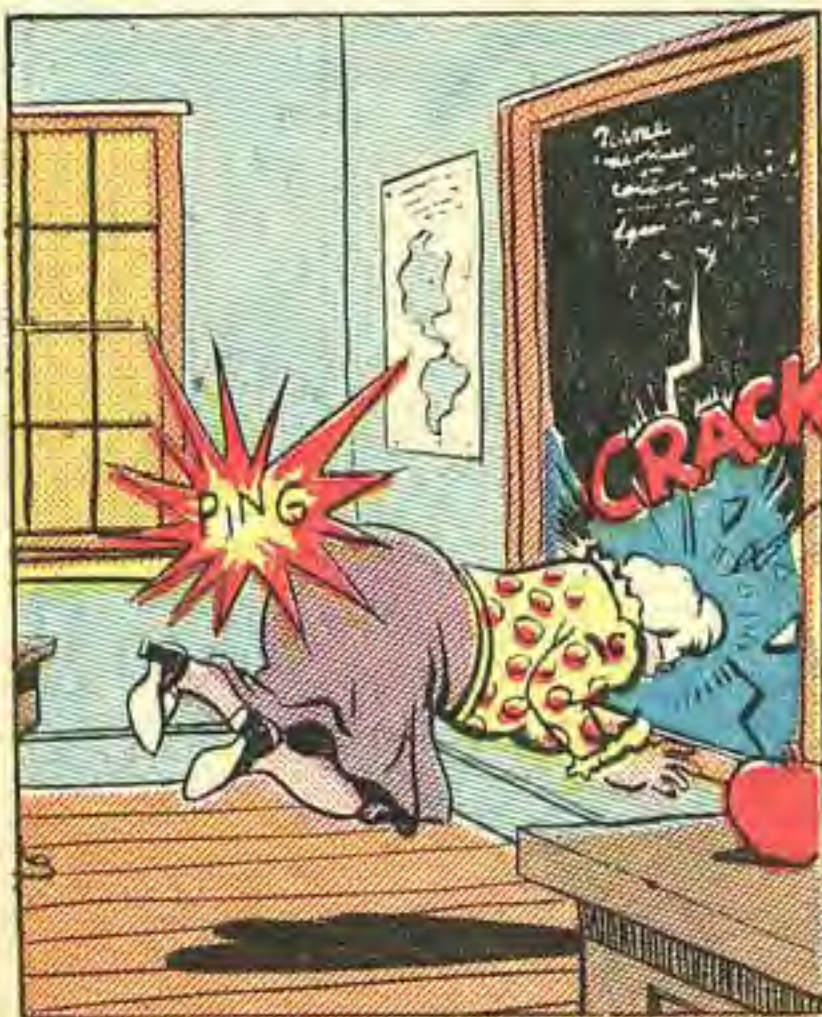


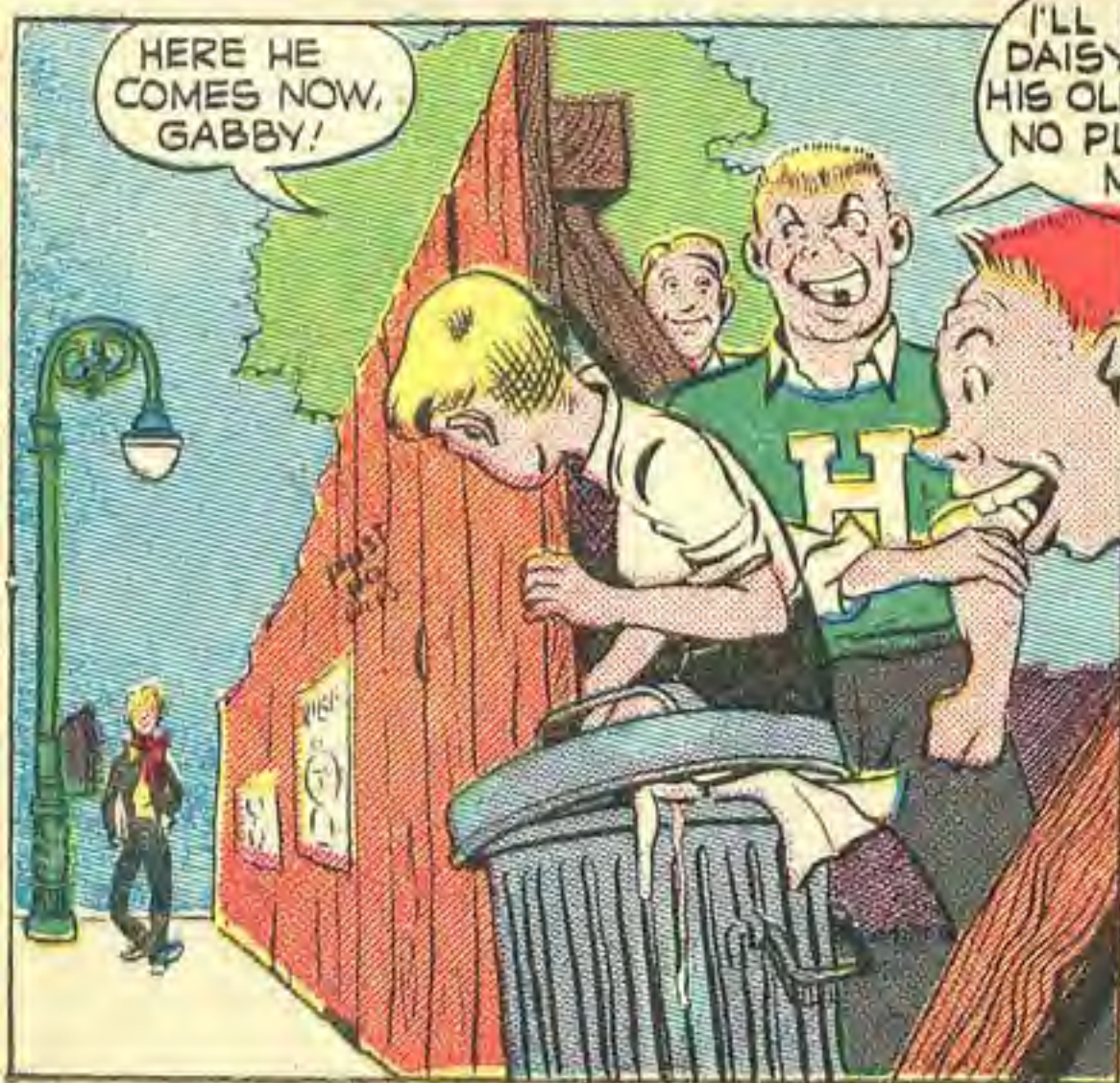
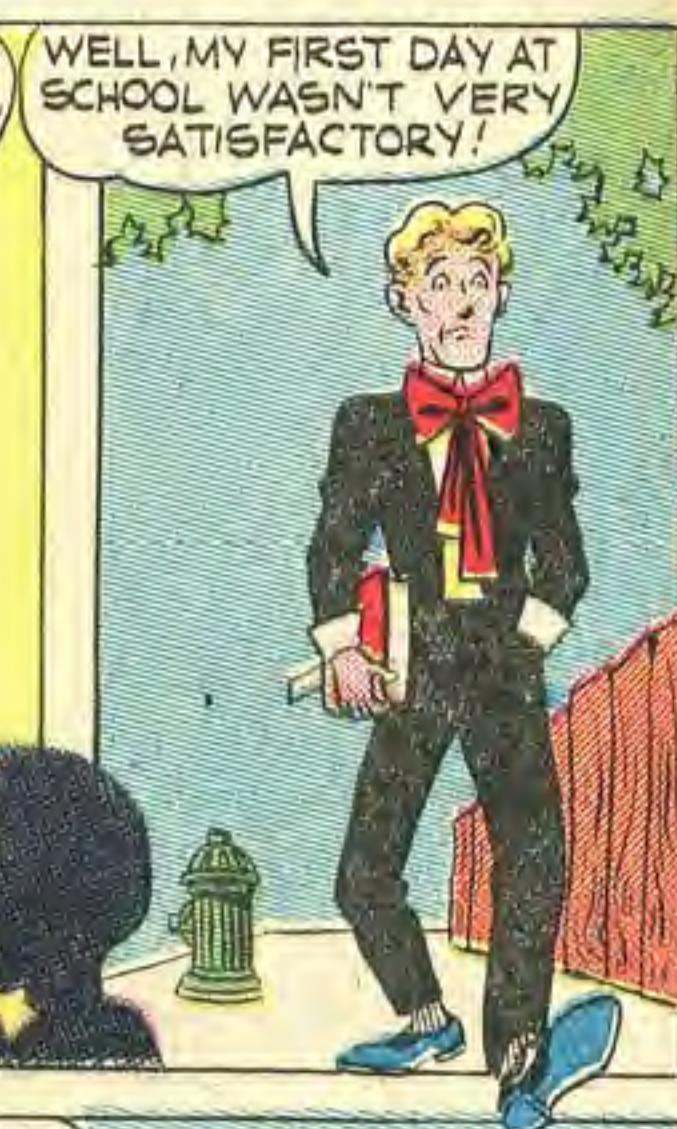
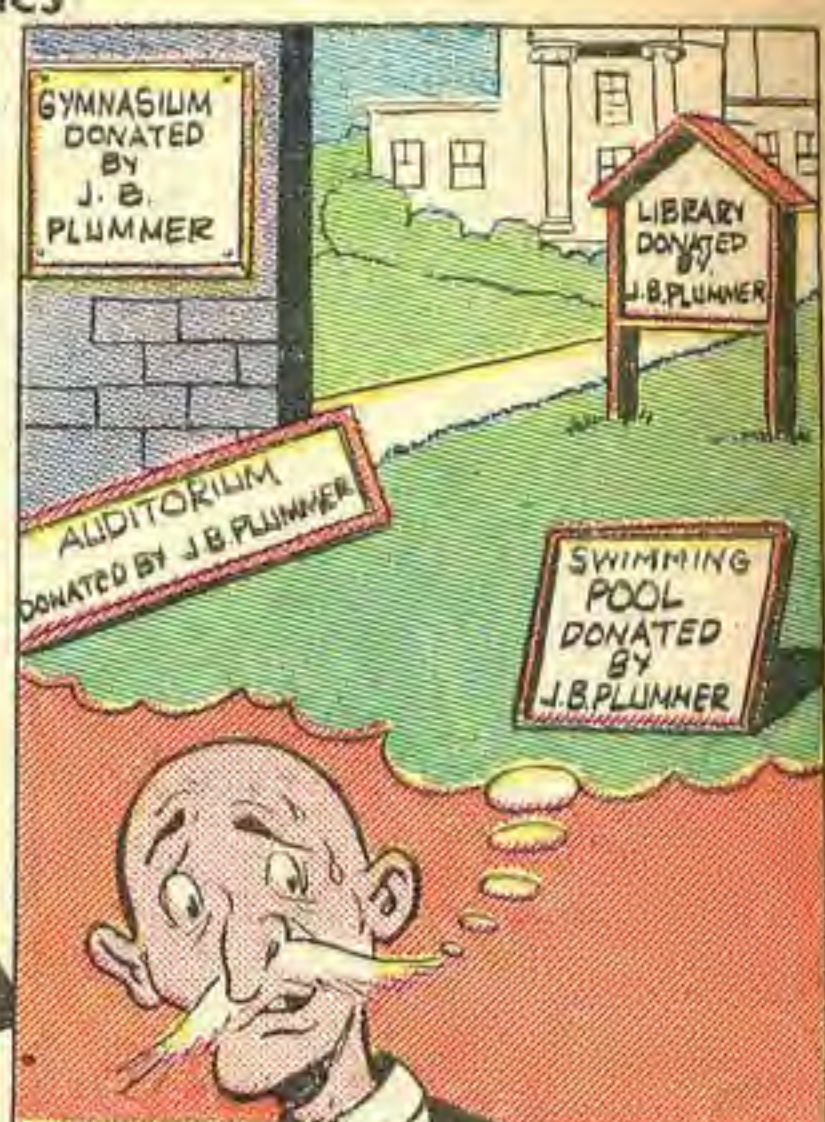
TODAY WE WILL CONTINUE OUR DISCUSSION ON SHAKESPEARE! YES, GABBY GARSON.. WHAT IS IT?



MY FRIEND, PERCY PLUMMER, WAS TELLIN' ME HE KNOWS THE ANSWER TO THE SHAKESPEARE QUESTION YOU ASKED YESTERDAY, MISS TWERLIP!









OH,
AFTER ♪
YOU, LORD
FAUNTLEROY!
♪





SOME MUSICIANS
OF THE SAMOAN
ISLAND TRIBES
PLAY FLUTES
WITH THEIR
NOSES!



THE IRISH POTATO
DIDN'T COME FROM
IRELAND
BUT WAS FIRST
GROWN BY THE
ANCIENT INCAS
OF PERU
AS EARLY AS
1000 A.D.



**THE GEOMETRIC
SPIDER** WITH
8 EYES
WEAVES A
PERFECT WEB
IN TOTAL
DARKNESS!

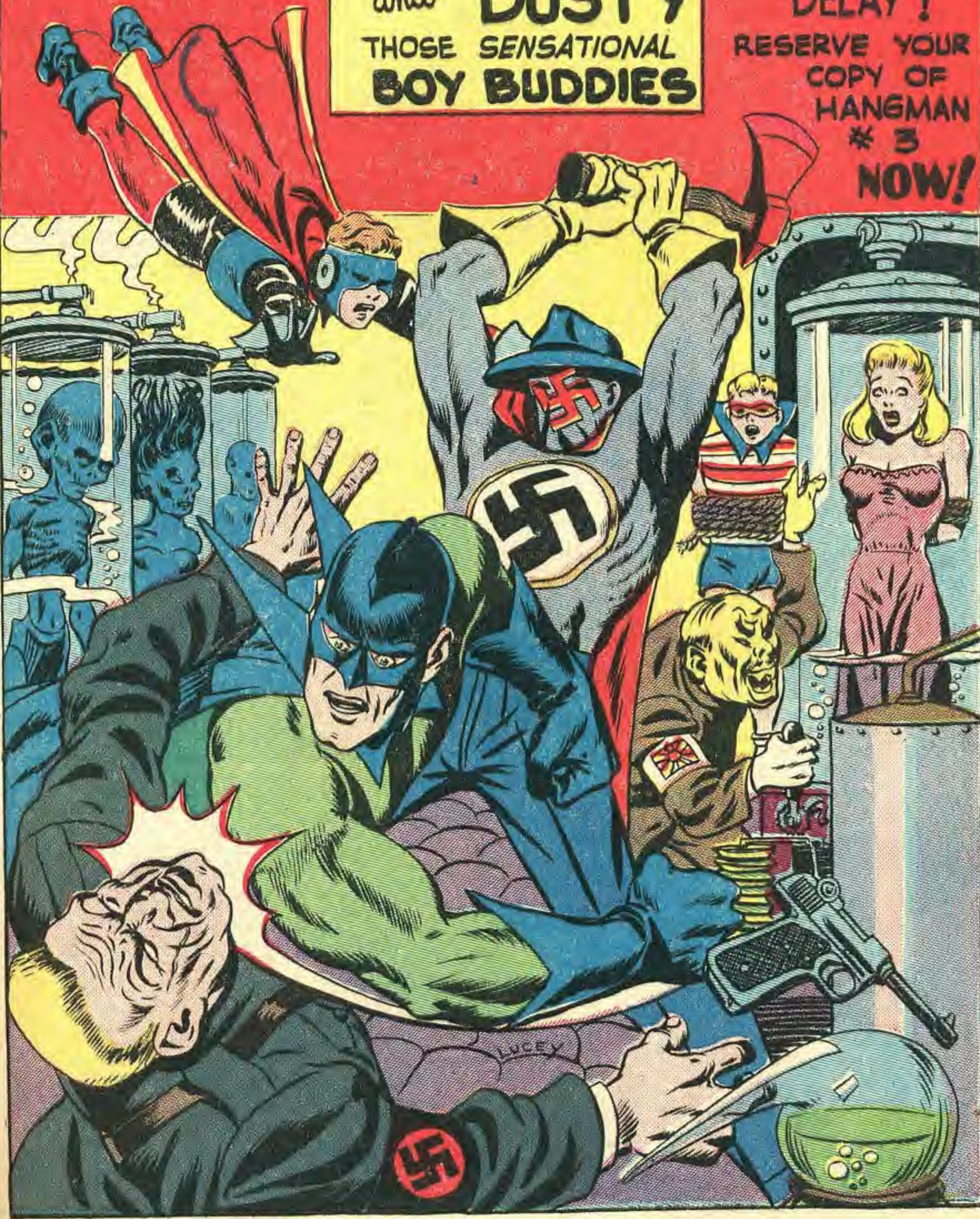
TICKBIRDS
GET THEIR
FOOD BY
DASHING INTO
THE MOUTHS
OF CROCODILES
TO SNATCH
LEECHES FROM
THEIR GUMS.



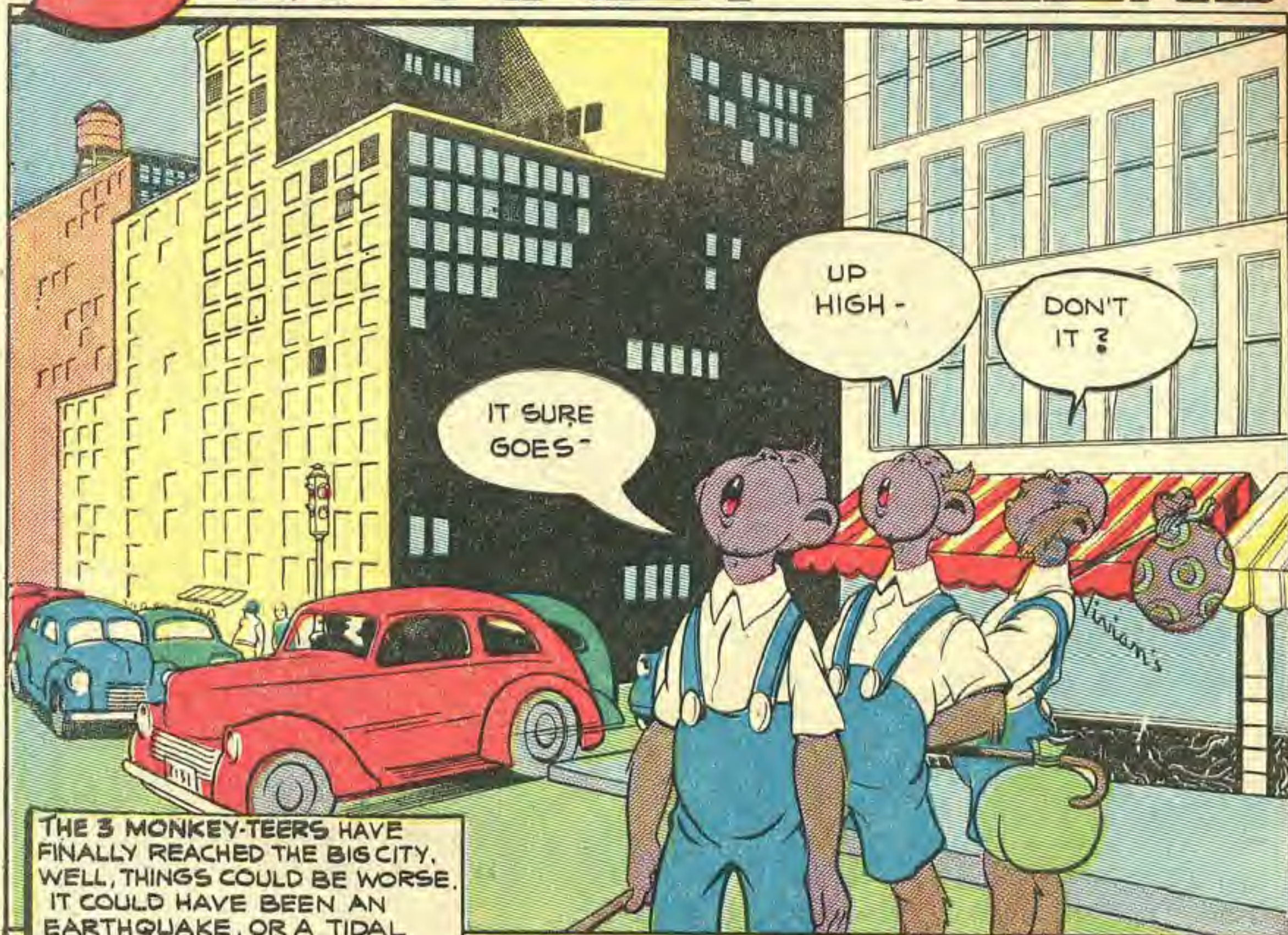
WATCH FOR THIS COVER ON YOUR NEWSSTANDS!
HANGMAN
NO. 3

ALSO
FEATURING **ROY**
and **DUSTY**
THOSE SENSATIONAL
BOY BUDDIES

DON'T
DELAY!
RESERVE YOUR
COPY OF
HANGMAN
3
NOW!

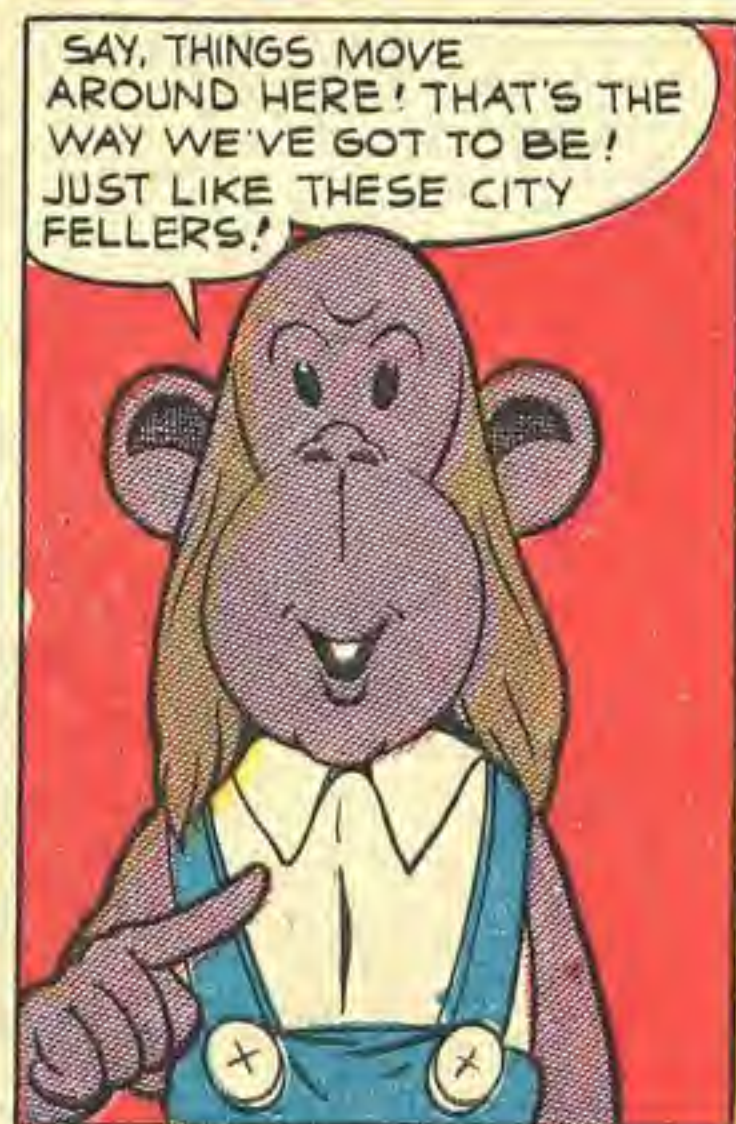


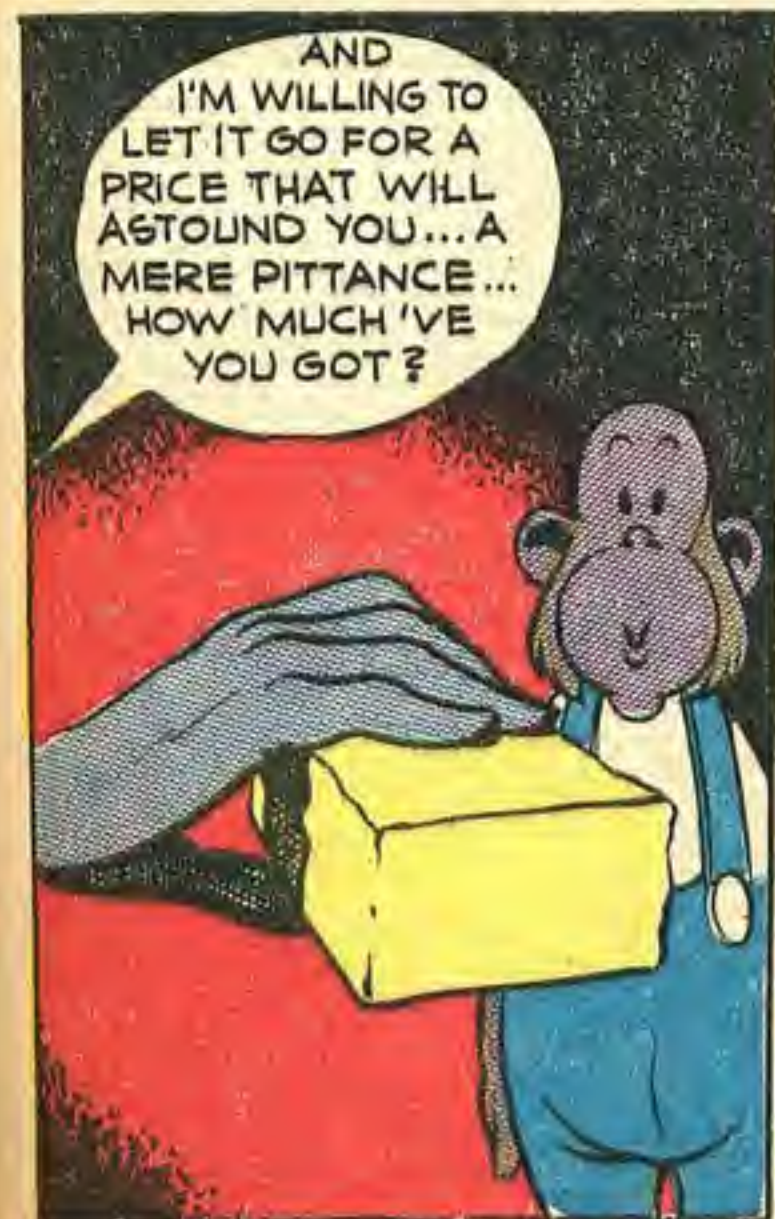
THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS



THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS HAVE FINALLY REACHED THE BIG CITY. WELL, THINGS COULD BE WORSE. IT COULD HAVE BEEN AN EARTHQUAKE, OR A TIDAL WAVEBUT READ ON!

THE 3 MONKEYS MAKE A DESPERATE SCRAMBLE TO SAFETY...





NEVER MIND THE GOLD BRICK! I'VE GOT A REAL BARGAIN FOR YOU. AND BY A STRANGE COINCIDENCE IT COSTS JUST 25¢..SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE!



DEED
BE IT KNOWN THAT
THE UNDERSIGNED
ARE THE SOLE AND
TRUE OWNERS OF
THE **BROOKLYN**
BRIDGE.....

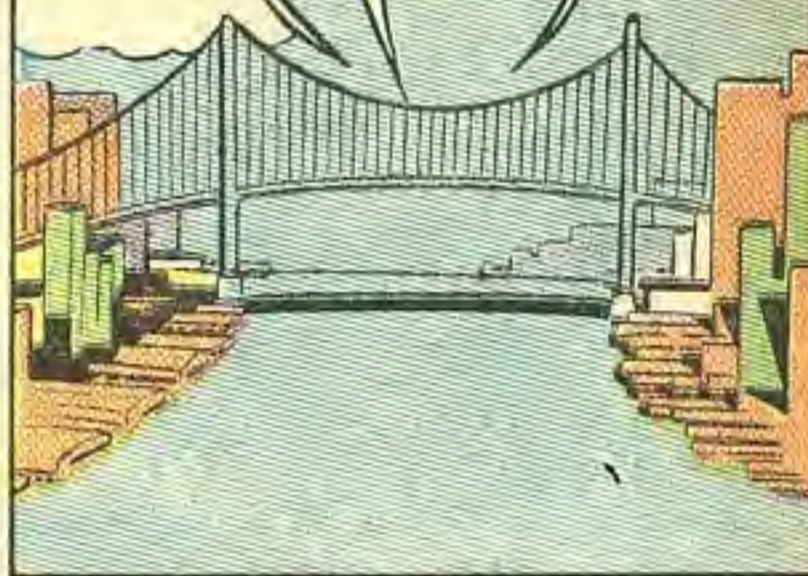
*Yehudi
Small Fry
Sassafraz*



GEE, IT'S A
PRETTY BIG
BRIDGE!

AND IT ONLY
COST A QUARTER!

SOME
BARGAIN!



NOW THAT
WE OWN IT WHAT
ARE WE GONNA
DO WITH IT?

MAYBE
WE OUGHT TO
CHARGE PEOPLE
FOR USING IT!



HONK

BEEP

BLA BEEP

SAY,
WHAT'S THE
BIG IDEA HOLD-
ING UP
TRAFFIC?

TELL HIM,
YEHUDI!



I'LL FIX THOSE
GUYS! THINK THEY
CAN "MONKEY"
WITH THE LAW,
DO THEY?



HELP!
POLICE!
HE'S TRYING
TO STEAL
OUR BRIDGE!

G'WAN!
GET OUT
O' HERE!



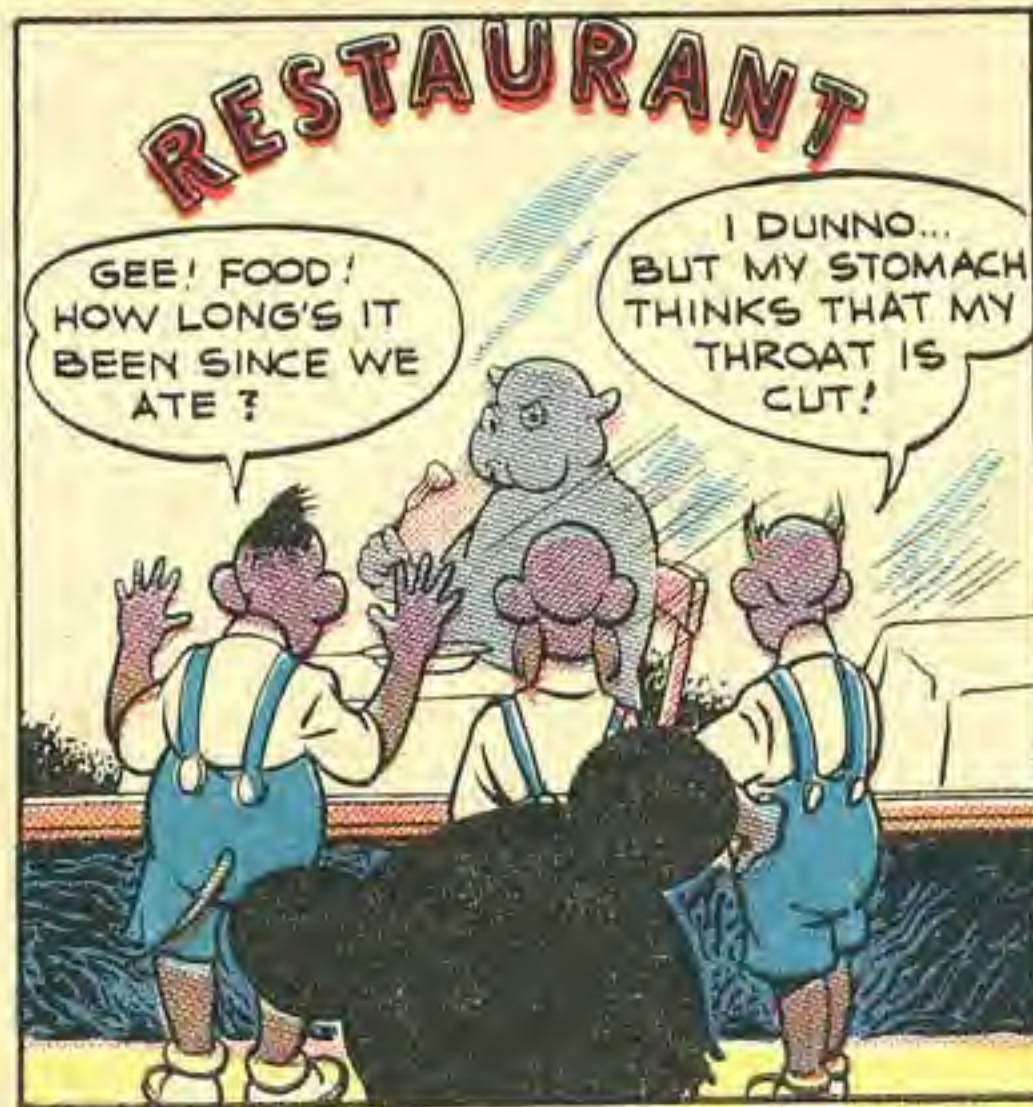
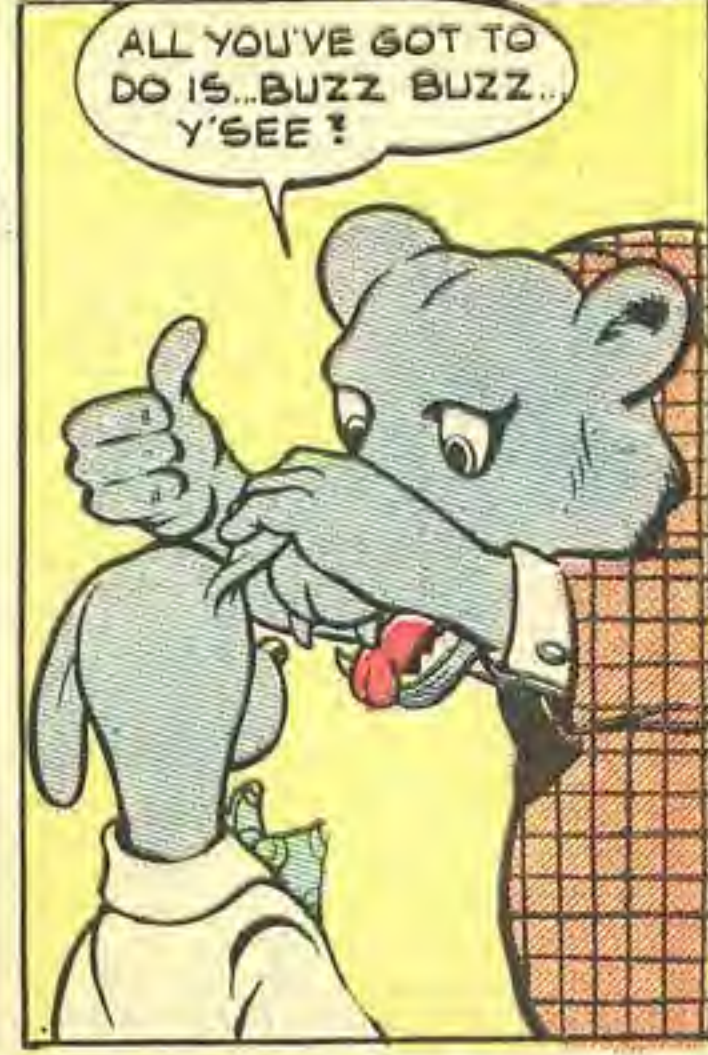
MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER
SECTION OF THE CITY, A
CONFERENCE IS BEING
HELD...

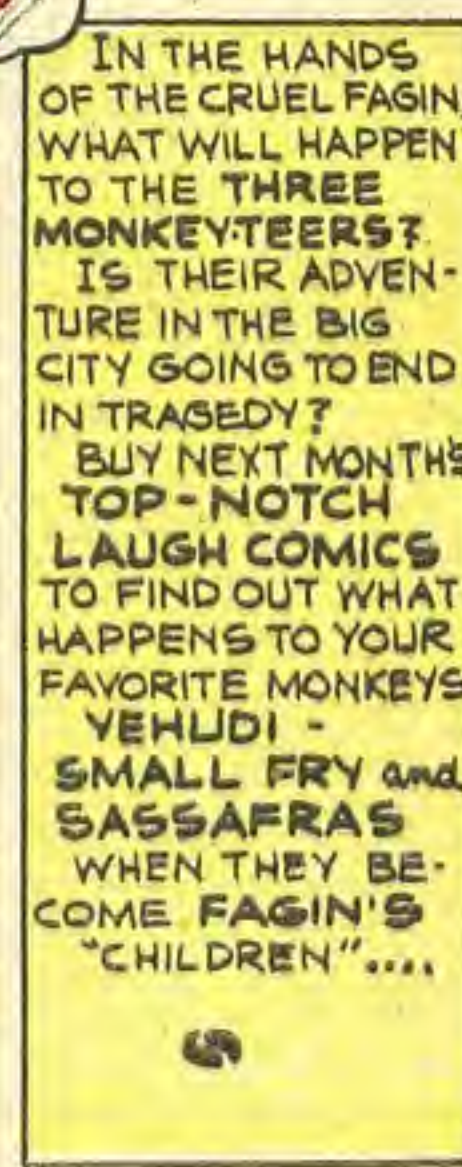
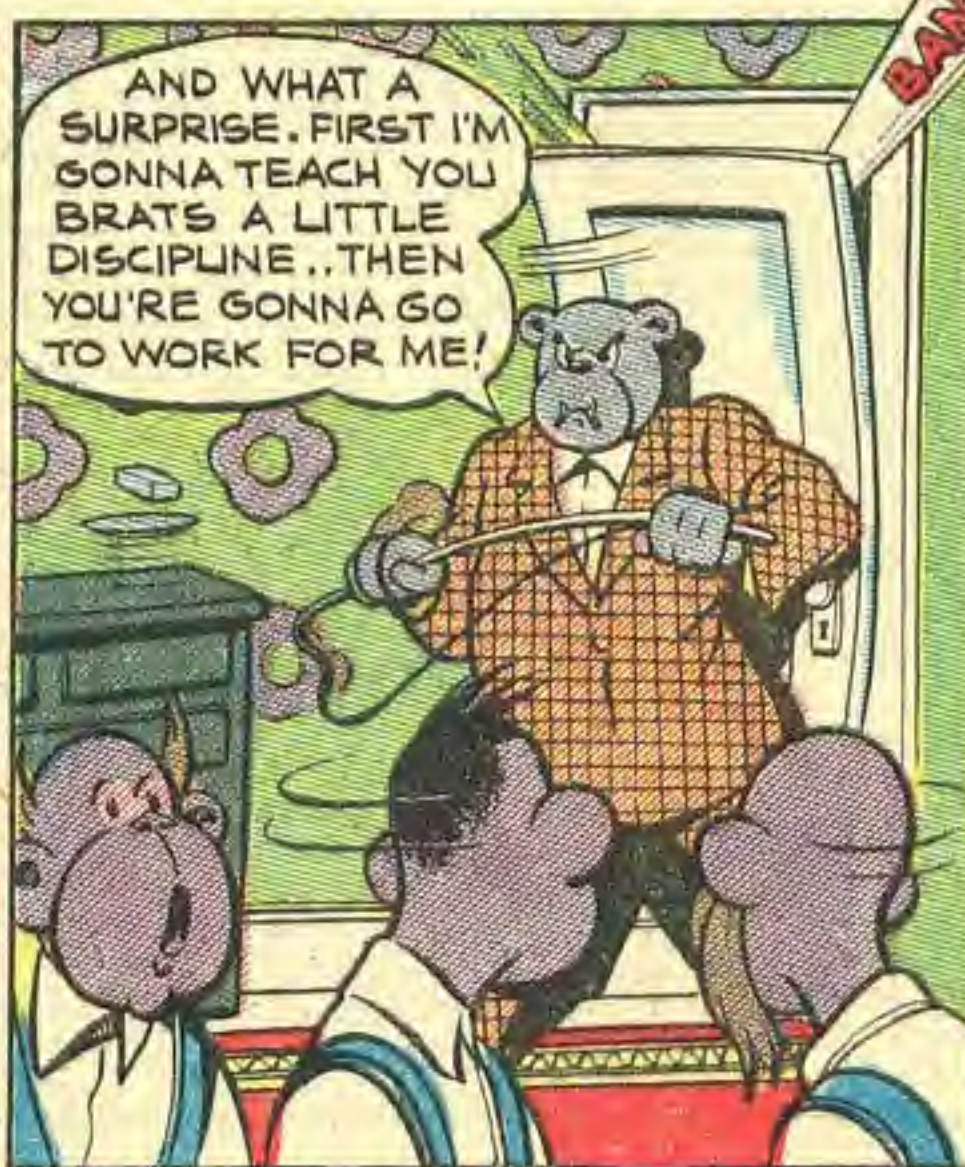
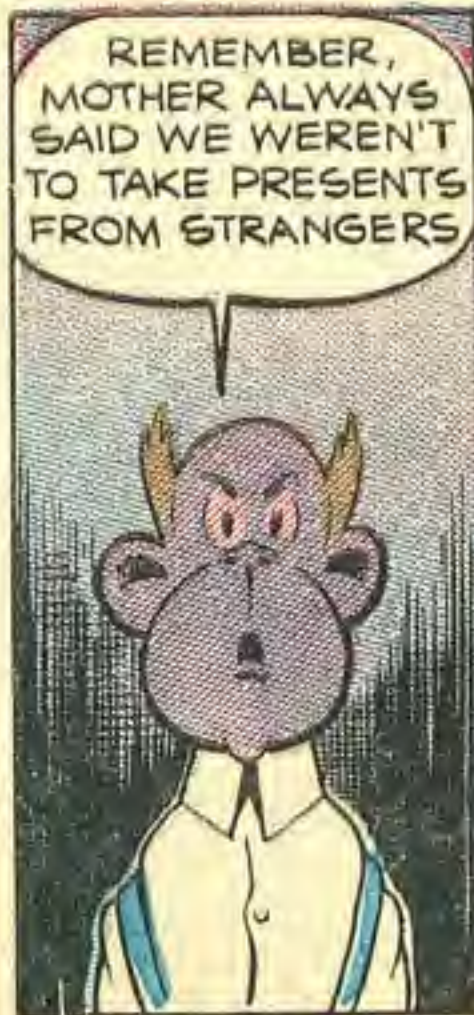


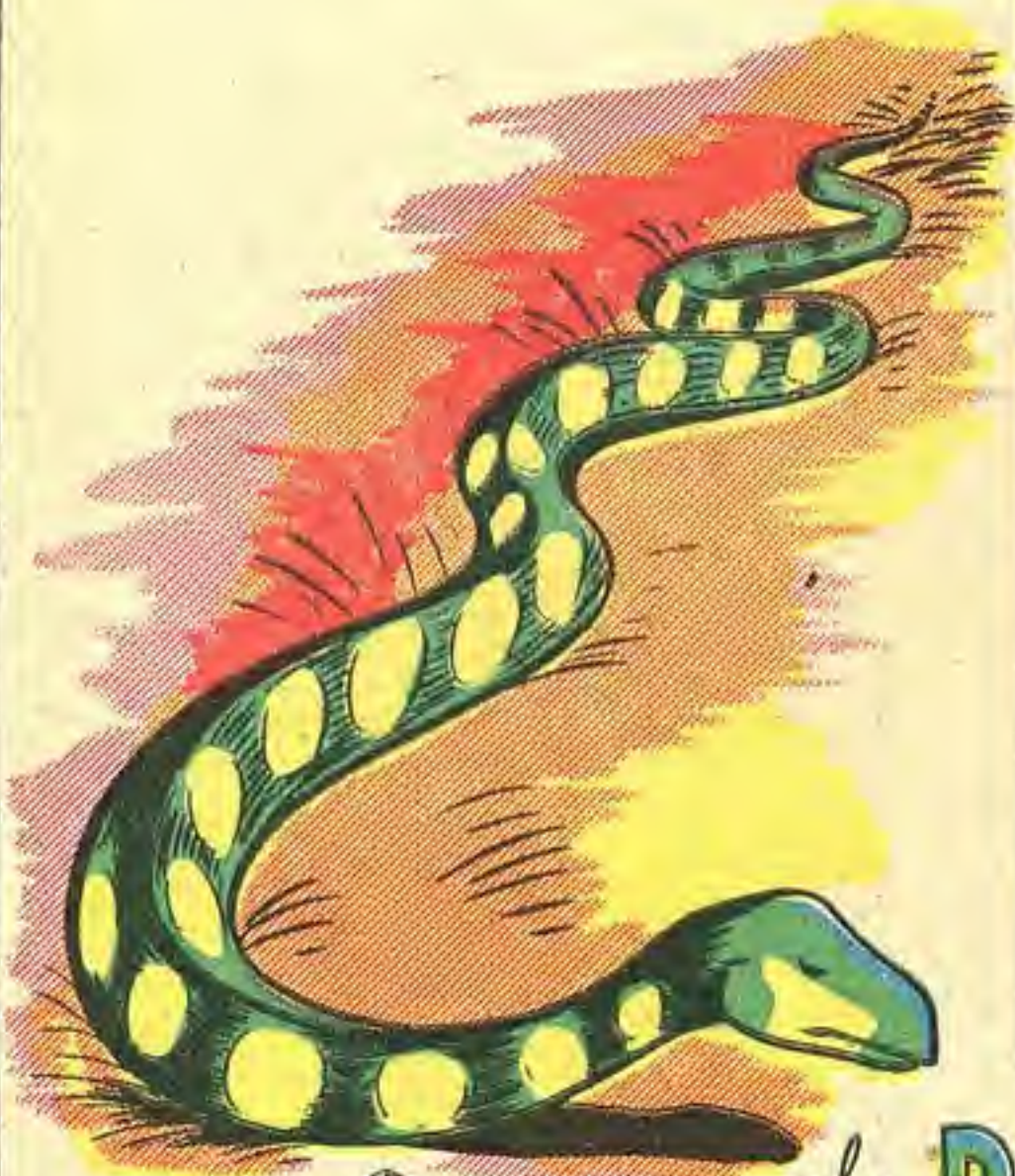
YOU KIDS AIN'T BEEN PRODUC-
ING! FINE CROOKS YOU TURN-
ED OUT TO BE! AND AFTER
ALL I TAUGHT YA!

I'M GONNA GET ME SOME
NEW BRATS AND GIVE 'EM
AN EDUCATION IN STEALIN'!





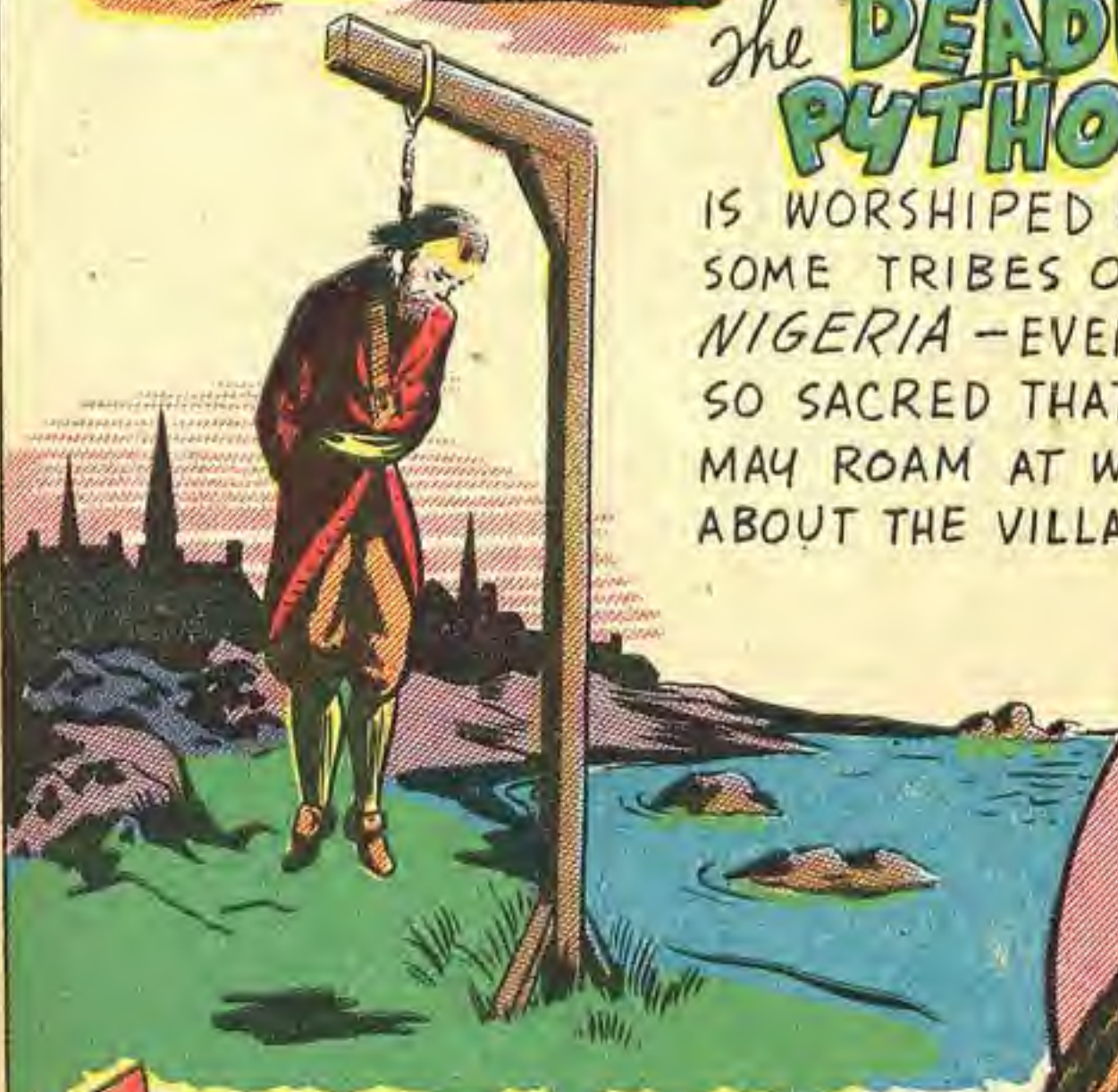




The DEADLY PYTHON

IS WORSHIPED BY SOME TRIBES OF NIGERIA - EVEN HELD SO SACRED THAT IT MAY ROAM AT WILL ABOUT THE VILLAGES!

THE ANCIENT AND FIERCE FIGHTING AMAZONS - WOMEN WARRIORS OF THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA WERE NOT ALLOWED TO MARRY UNTIL THEY HAD FIRST KILLED A MAN IN BATTLE!



IN THE DAYS OF PIRACY THE BODY OF AN EXECUTED PIRATE WAS OFTEN TAKEN FROM THE GALLOWS AND HUNG IN A PROMINENT SPOT WHERE PASSING SHIPS MIGHT SEE IT.... A WARNING TO ALL PIRATES.



THE BALD EAGLE

IS NOT REALLY BALD - ITS HEAD IS COVERED WITH FINE WHITE FEATHERS GIVING THE APPEARANCE OF BALDNESS!

KARDAK

THE "MYSTIC" MAGICIAN

LISTEN TO ME,
AMERICANS! OUT THERE ON
OUR FAR-FLUNG BATTLEFRONTS
U.S. SOLDIERS, YOUR BIG BROTHERS
AND PALS ARE MAKING THE GREAT-
EST SACRIFICE OF THEIR LIVES - FOR
FREEDOM! WHATEVER SACRIFICES
WE CAN MAKE HERE AT HOME --
ARE BUT LITTLE IN COMPARISON!



FOR INSTANCE -- ONE DAY I
SAW A MAN LEAVING A GROC-
ERY STORE ...



... HIS ARMS LADEN WITH
FOOD WHICH HE STUFFED IN-
TO THE REAR OF HIS LUXUR-
IOUS CAR ...



Paul Reinehart



AS THE CAR PULLED AWAY...







IF, SUDDENLY OUT OF YOUR EXTRA CARTONS OF CIGARETTES ONE PACK SPRANG BEFORE HIM...



BOY! NOW I CAN HOLD OUT FOREVER! LET THE BEGGARS COME. I'M READY FOR 'EM!



YOU HAVE SEEN ENOUGH OF THE VISIONS!

HUNH?



DO YOU MEAN OUR EXTRA FOOD COULD BE SENT TO THOSE POOR PEOPLE?

IT COULD! YOUR LARDER IS STILL FULL! WHAT'LL YOU DO ABOUT IT?



I KNOW! I'LL CALL UP THE ALLIED WAR RELIEF... THEY NEED THIS MORE THAN WE DO!

I'LL GIVE THEM EVERYTHING IN HERE, KARDAK!



HERE'S AN EXTRA SUIT OF MINE SOME ONE COULD USE!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO CALL THEM UP! THEY'RE HERE!

GEE, DEAR. I FEEL BETTER NOW!



FRIENDS, PEOPLE WHO HOARD ARE NOT ANTI-AMERICAN - NO, THEY'RE MERELY HEEDLESS AND UN-THINKING! LET'S ALL DO OUR SHARE! LET'S GO U.S.A.!





AVIATION UTILITY



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AEROGRAPHER



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GUM CAPTAIN



SUBMARINE SERVICE



SA APPRENTICE



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ELECTRICIAN'S MATE

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NAVY'S EFFICIENCY
IN CURRENCYMACHINIST'S MATE
WATER TENDER
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